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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Nicholas Monsarrat with his wife and one of their two sons

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT, who wrote *The Cruel Sea* three hundred miles away from the sea, in Johannesburg, completed his latest novel, *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* (see page 11), in a Montreal hospital after an attack of pneumonia.

"It's a synthesis of all the troubles and problems afflicting Africa today," he says. "In it I have tried to give credit to those under-rated and over-criticized administrators in our colonies who slave away for forty years on small pay and do such a thankless job so remarkably well."

Monsarrat, who in April resigned from his post as director of British Information Services in Canada to devote all his time to literature, is in London with his South African wife Philippa for the publication of his new novel.

Born in Liverpool, where his father, now aged eighty-five, was a surgeon, Monsarrat went to Winchester and Cambridge, travelled widely, and during the war served for six years in corvettes and frigates. Today, at the age of forty-six, he is greying, distinguished, chain-smokes cigars—"I have never touched cigarettes"—and leads the busy life of a celebrity. His *Story Of Esther Costello* is being filmed at Shepperton studios.

The Monsarrats have settled in Ottawa, where their two young sons will go to school. "I am sure that Canada is the country of the twenty-first century," Monsarrat says. "It could be more wealthy even than the United States in the twentieth century."

KENNETH PETTS, who is illustrating Monsarrat's novel for us, is happiest when he is working on stories with exotic, tropical settings. "There are so many interesting, unusual things to draw," he says, "and Negro head-shapes and colourings are fascinating to an artist."

He has never been to the tropics, but after extensive research he builds up pictures of them in the front room of his home at Bedford. There he works very slowly and meticulously.

After reading *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* several times, he made scores of rough drawings until he had sketches that exactly matched the illustrations in his mind's eye. He started the long laborious work of painting only when he felt that the rough sketches were absolutely right for the story.

His wife is also an artist, mostly for religious and children's books, but they rarely get together to discuss work. They have two children, John, aged twenty, and Jean, seventeen.

Petts, who is forty-nine, has a modesty about his work that dates from his first job. "At art school," he says, "you're convinced that you're a genius. Your first job proves how wrong you were."

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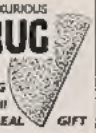

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Free Speech

- **Do women work harder?**
- **For window shoppers only**
- **Be your own railway porter**

SOMEONE asked me recently why, in my small manufacturing business, I seem to employ so many women. The proportion of women to men is, in fact, about three to two—at all levels.

My answer was that I have discovered that women are, on the whole, far better workers. Their upbringing is really responsible. While their brothers are out playing, girls are usually at home helping their mothers with the mending or washing-up or other household chores. As a result they grow up with a greater sense of industry.

Men, on the other hand, are allowed to do as they please from the cradle to maturity.—L. B. D., Staffordshire.

Automatic Saving

After reading "The Silent Salesmen Hit the Jackpot" (JOHN BULL, August 25), I was struck by the idea of sixpenny savings stamp machines. If these were produced and put in railway stations, near football grounds and public houses, they would probably have excellent results. And the time of Post Office clerks and those who often have to queue in post offices would be saved.—MISS H. D., Levenshulme, Manchester.

Question Of Duty

Recently I was charged a ridiculous amount of Customs duty on a small item I had purchased in Germany; yet friends of mine who declared the same article were charged nothing. It is time the method used by Customs officers in deciding what duty should be paid on various articles was standardised, and a classified list, showing the duty payable, displayed in all Customs sheds.—T. C. G., Edinburgh.

"A list of dutiable items is shown to everybody coming into the country," says the Customs and Excise.

"The Customs tariff, showing the amount payable, is a book of nearly three hundred pages, so it would be impossible to display lists. But anybody querying the amount can see the book if they ask the Customs officer."

Offer Rejected

I am beginning to wonder exactly why goods are displayed in shop windows. The other day I saw a sponge in a chemist's shop window, but on asking for it I was shown several others bearing little resemblance to it in size, quality or price. The assistant said that if I insisted on the one in the window, she would have to call the window dresser, which would be an inconvenience.

A friend recently had a similar experience, but in this case the manager flatly refused to sell her the article in the window.—MRS. M. DESCHAMPS, Southwell Park Road, Camberley, Surrey.

"There is no legal obligation on a retailer to sell goods in the window," says a lawyer. "The prices on these amount to offers to treat; a customer can make an offer for the window article and this can either be accepted or refused."

Bible Translator

In *My Himalayan Parish* (JOHN BULL, August 18), Leonard Moules says that the Reverend Yoseb Gergan never became a Christian. But I worked with him for twenty-three years and I know that he was baptized in the Leh Church when he was twelve.

The Bible was not translated into Tibetan in 1948: the Moravian Missionaries began translating it in 1860 and Brother Yoseb Gergan assisted this work from 1919 until its completion in 1934. He went on to revise portions and in 1946 he was supervising the writing out of the Bible on lithographic paper, prior to its being printed in Lahore, when he died.

The missionaries continued the work and in 1948 I sent down a man called Gapel to watch the Bible through the press.—REV. N. DRIVER, Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford.

Flying Time

It was "ant swarming" day recently, and I watched the whole perfectly timed operation. I am wondering how each separate ant community communicates with others to decide, apparently, the one special day on which to take flight, and why that day is chosen.—W. M. C., London, N.21.

"The swarming is the marriage flight," says a naturalist. "There is no communication between the ant communities, although the flight does take place among ants spread over very large areas, and at the same time. Weather conditions decide the time of the flight; usually it is on a sultry thundery afternoon in July or August."

Control By Air

While motoring in Germany recently along the main road leading south from Dusseldorf through Cologne—one of the busiest highways in the world—I ran into a traffic jam. I had just slowed down when a small police helicopter hovered low over the congestion, and from it orders were issued through a loudspeaker. Soon the roads were clear and I was on my way again. It seems we could well do with a similar system in Britain. —JOHN G. MCGREGOR, Carluke, Lanarkshire.

"At Whitsun and Easter we hired an aircraft to co-operate with our motor-cycle patrols in dispersing traffic," says the Automobile Association. "This proved so successful that we have now purchased our own Auster aircraft; it served very successfully on August Bank Holiday in the south of England."

Still Grateful

Belgium may have cooled towards us ("Free Speech," August 4), but other liberated countries still think highly of Britain.

My son recently stayed in a Danish youth hostel, where he was surprised to find himself, as a Briton, excused from the usual duties required of members. Only visitors from countries which worked and fought for the liberation were granted this, he was told.—F. NIXON, Yorks.

"Probably a concession by the hostel warden—it would not be general," says the Youth Hostels Association. "It is nice to know that we are appreciated, but youth hostellers pride themselves on their practice of self help."

Craftsman's Sign

I came across this quaint sign at East Looe, Cornwall. Far removed from the garish neon lights and big posters of modern advertising, it attracts

much attention outside the workshop of Donald Pink, woodcarver. In the sign, the carver on the right taps his chisel, and the one on the left alternately taps listlessly at a nail and turns and mournfully views the bottle on the shelf behind him.—D. DULIEU, Ilford, Essex.

Breathing Aid

Dr. Harris Parker omits one thing from his excellent article, "Heads Above Water" (JOHN BULL, August 11). It should first be ensured that the rescued person has his mouth free of obstruction. He should be "jacknifed" by being laid down, gripped at the waist and lifted, head and shoulders down, so that any water in the lungs runs free.—B. D. LANGE, Swindon, Wiltshire.

Dr. Parker says: "The Holger Nielsen method which I described is the best of all available methods of artificial respiration, but the need for clearing the airway and emptying the lungs first applies to it no less than to the other methods."

Self Service

British Railways could make a big saving in money by reducing their porter staff and encouraging the public to look after their own baggage at suburban stations. Light trolleys for wheeling trunks and suitcases could be provided for the public to use themselves. — JOHN ARCHER, Bodiam, Robertsbridge, Sussex.

"Sound in theory," says British Railways, "but in practice it would be impossible. Trolleys are heavy and not easy to load and push along, and inexperienced people might easily cause an accident. At suburban stations, luggage usually has to be taken across the line itself—passengers could not be allowed to do this."

Parking Risk

Recently I parked my car on the sea-front at a resort, and when an attendant came up and said, "That'll be sixpence please, sir," I refused to pay. He said he would look after my car while I was away, but I told him I was quite prepared to park it at my own risk. I believe it is not legal to charge a fee for parking on the public highway.—J. O. MOGRIDGE, Portishead, Bristol.

"But unless there was a parking sign on that piece of road, a summons could be issued for obstruction," says

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

a lawyer. "Actually obstructing anybody wouldn't have to be proved—it is technically an offence whether anybody is obstructed or not. In fact, it is technically an obstruction to park anywhere on the public highway not specifically marked as being available for parking."

No Medals

I think it would be hateful to see good neighbourliness being "conscripted into service" by a community service medal ("Free Speech," August 18). Surely some things can be done without public acclamation and award. The appreciation of those who are served and helped is the only award the unselfish person needs.—MRS. M. E. DEMPSTER, Lymington, Hampshire.

By Request

I was interested to know that a tape recorder is being used by a chaplain for services in hospital ("Free Speech," August 25). Some months ago, Goole members of Toc H bought a tape recorder through public subscription and they are now operating a series of "Link With Home" programmes in St. John's Hospital, Goole. Friends and relatives are invited to submit record requests for patients, who can themselves make requests.

Several people have made their personal record collections available for Toc H, and the service has proved very popular.—W. J. HARDY, Dunhill Road, Goole, Yorkshire.

Lost Interest

I have just received my postwar credits, but I was amazed to find no interest whatever added to the amount. I protested, but I was told, with regret, that no interest was payable. It seems to me very unfair, as this sum could have been earning at least two and a half per cent interest for fifteen years.—MRS. M. T. LIVESLEY, Balmoral Gardens, North Shields, Northumberland.

Replying to a question in the House of Commons last May, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury said: "If we had the money to pay interest, it would be better to use it to speed up the rate of repayment."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

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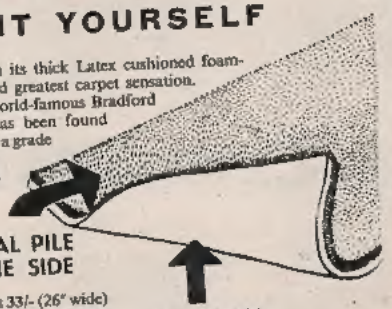

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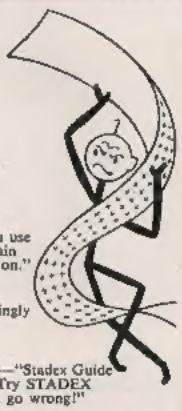

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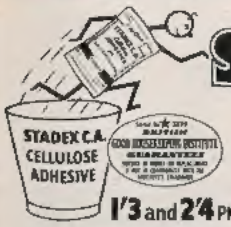

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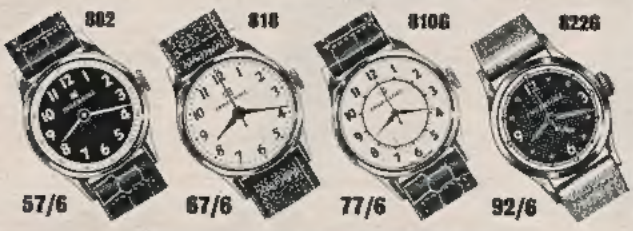

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THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

As the plane—a shabby old Dakota—bumped twice in the noonday heat and settled down on its steady course, Windhoek was left behind, a dusty town set in arid scrub-desert. Presently the plane crossed the south-west African coastline, and headed out over a pale blue, hazy sea, due west for Pharamaul.

The pilot checked his instruments, held up a thumb to the navigator behind him, set the automatic pilot on 270 degrees, and then relaxed. Windhoek Airport to the island of Pharamaul—it was a trip he had made thirty-seven times this year alone. He could have done it in his sleep. Perhaps one day he would do it like that, and see if anybody noticed.

Behind him, the four passengers relaxed also, stretching their legs, occasionally glancing out of the side windows.

Tulbach Browne of the *Daily Flash*, seasoned traveller of a thousand flights, some epoch-making, very few entirely wasted—went through his usual

David was stunned by the girl's fresh, shapely beauty. "Won't you sit down?" she said. He answered foolishly, "Yes, please."

The Chief had returned to his people. It was a day of joy—and danger . . .

short flight take-off routine. He pressed his eardrums and swallowed until his throat was comfortable, popped two Dramamine tablets in his mouth, and washed them down with a swig from a tiny, palm-sized flask of whisky.

Tulbach Browne was a small, wizened man with sandy hair and a look of permanent disdain. No physical distinction marked him out from the next hundred men to be passed in the street. But he had a global reputation.

The *Daily Flash* knew exactly what people liked to read. They preferred things going wrong, Authority with a red face, awkward pauses.

Tulbach Browne served up all these things, from all four corners of the world.

Now he was going to Pharamaul—for a couple of days, anyway. His office had cabled him something about the local chief coming back from Oxford to take over the tribal chieftainship. There might be a story there, particularly if something went wrong and he could flay the civil service, British administration, the snob colour-bar.

Two seats behind Tulbach Browne, Andrew Macmillan, C.M.G., resident commissioner at Gamate, native capital of the Principality of Pharamaul, reached out a hand and drew towards him a shabby briefcase. He was returning to duty after twelve weeks' leave in England.

Macmillan was solid, greying, severe. He had soldiered for a while in the old days, then he had gone to Pharamaul as a young, energetic assistant district officer, and in Pharamaul he had stayed.

He knew the whole country, knew it, loathed it, and loved it. He knew the chief tribe, the Maulas, and if he did not loathe them, or love them either, he felt for them as a benevolent father feels whose backward sons will never quite grow up, never really leave the nursery.

It had been a hard, dedicated life, a life of endeavour, patience, and little reward. Now he was fifty-seven: he had three modest letters after his name, three more years of service to go, and, when he retired, he would still remain in Pharamaul—a week of playing the awkward, forlorn tourist in London had been enough to decide that.

He had no children: his wife had died a decade earlier; he had only one home, and only one family: 100,000 of them. Perhaps the proof of that lay between his hands, in the papers he had drawn out of his briefcase.

It was the manuscript of his book, the book that had occupied all his few spare moments for the last fifteen years, and was still a long way from completion. It was called: *The Principality of Pharamaul*.

Across the aisle from Andrew Macmillan, and sometimes eyeing him speculatively, sat a young man who might have been anything. David Bracken, newly appointed to the governor's staff at Pharamaul, had not so far settled in any recognizable mould. This was his first overseas job in government service.

The last passenger was a young Negro in a blue serge suit—Dinamaula, hereditary chieftain of Pharamaula. He had left his home at Gamate when he was fifteen years old, in pursuit of a plan, proposed by the administration and backed by his father, for educating him completely in England. He had been to a great public school, he had been to Oxford, and had graduated with a passable Law degree. Now his father was dead, and he was returning to Pharamaul to claim his inheritance.

Pharamaul he remembered as a rough, featureless country, cultivated haphazardly on principles as old as the plough itself, devoted for the most part to stringy scrub cattle and enormous flocks of goats. The people themselves he knew to be largely backward, unenterprising folk, degenerating in the northern parts—the land of the renegade U-Maula tribe—to a simple, uncontrollable savagery.

They were like children, smart, flip children in the south, round the slums of Port Victoria; dull, cloddish children at Gamate; cruel, magic-ridden children in the wild north. None of them in the least resembled an Oxford graduate with a degree in law, at a London party, among the teacups and the glasses and the clipped political talk and the strangely adoring women, they would have stood out as ragged, brutish, undeniably dirty.

He was their chief, their father; he had journeyed into far lands, seen buildings as tall as ten trees, heard magic voices coming from a box on a table. A table was a thing of wood, square, like so.

He was their chief, their father. Let him then play the man.

Dinamaula became aware that someone was standing above him. He looked up, to find that one of his three fellow passengers—an oldish, smallish, nondescript man in a rumpled seersucker suit—had paused by his seat. He raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Hullo!" said Tulbach Browne. "Just stretching my legs. . . . Is this your first trip?"

Dinamaula smiled. "No," he answered. "I've flown before. Won't you sit down?"

Tulbach Browne eased himself into the vacant seat, and extended his hand. "I'm Tulbach Browne of the *Daily Flash*."

Dinamaula had heard of Tulbach Browne. "I'm happy to meet you," he said formally. "Of course I know your name well. Mine is Dinamaula."

Tulbach Browne nodded, not really hearing. "Going home?"

"Yes. Pharamaul is my home. I am Chief Dinamaula."

"Chief . . ." Tulbach Browne looked at him, instantly wary, instantly working. "You must be—you've been at Oxford."

Dinamaula inclined his head. "Yes."

Tulbach Browne looked sideways at Dinamaula again. He saw now a tall, slim, good-looking Negro, with neat clothes, a lightish skin, an air of courage and breeding. It could be *real* material.

He said briskly, "This is a very lucky meeting." Then he set himself to stir, to probe, and to lay bare, with a rapid fire of questions about Dinamaula and Pharamaul. . . .

The country which Dinamaula was to rule had never become rich: the sun burned too hotly, farming methods were too wasteful, the Maulas themselves too indolent and dull. But under the British wing it had prospered wonderfully, compared with the savagery and chaos from which it had sprung.

In Port Victoria, there was now a modern abattoir, to handle the cattle coming down from the Gamate plains; a big logging camp up north, on the fringe of the U-Maula country, kept Port Victoria sawmills busy most of the year round. A scheme for fish-canning, on the coast near Shebiya's "Fish Village," was even now grinding towards actuality.

Formal government sat at Port Victoria: the governor's white stone mansion dominated the residential quarter, the secretariat crouched in its shade, down-town, a town council of solid citizens dealt with the drains, housing, harbour pollution, street lighting, public health, and four civic celebrations a year—Armistice Day, Empire Day, the Queen's Birthday, and Pharamaul's own Foundation Day on April 15.

Field government was centred two hundred miles away to the north, at the end of Pharamaul's only railway line. There, at Gamate, sat

The girl bent forward with the olives. "This is Miera," said the old man. "She has been chosen . . ." Something within Dinamaula revolted

the resident commissioner, Andrew Macmillan, in whose charge were a hundred thousand souls, concentrated in one of the biggest "native villages" south of the equator.

Government of any sort faded north of Gamate, where the dry ranch-lands gave place to jungle, and the Maulas to the U-Maulas. A single district officer—one of Macmillan's staff camped out at Shebiya, the U-Maula capital his only link was a radio-schedule, his only strength a white skin and a twelve-bore shot gun . . .

Next day Tulbach Browne of the *Daily Flash*, sweating in the humid cage that was Port Victoria's best hotel, his fingers slippery on the typewriter keys, had already, within twenty-four hours, filed his first Pharamaul story. It was one of his best efforts

"Yesterday," wrote Tulbach Browne, "I had the privilege of talking to one of the most remarkable young men ever to come out of Africa

"He is Dinamaula, descendant of a long line of Maula strong men, a gifted African now returning from a brilliant career at Oxford to assume the chieftainship of the Principality of Pharamaul

"He does so at a difficult moment, and his chieftainship is likely to be a mockery of the word

"Life has moved on, even in this entrenched backwater of British administration; men like Dinamaula—and there are, thank God, many such—have heard of democracy, progress, science, even if the local Civil Service moguls can't tell these things from the holes in their ink-pots, and he is keen—burningly, crusadingly keen—to apply these things to his own country

"Dinamaula has virile plans—which he outlined to me in an inspiring three-hour session on board the plane to Pharamaul—for the expansion, reform, and development of his beloved

homeland blessings too long denied to this forgotten corner of a backward continent.

"Will he succeed? I do not know, and Dinamaula, for all his fresh enthusiasm and undoubted talent, does not know either.

"'I do not know,' he told me, in his attractive, musical voice, 'whether there will be any obstruction from officials, when my far-reaching plans for agricultural and political development become known.

"'There are reactionary elements in the tribe too,' he warned me, 'who may resist change.' His dark eyes flashed. 'But they will be taken care of.'

"But can he succeed, this lineal descendant of a dynasty of chiefs who have constantly prodded their British 'masters' from indolence to intermittent activity? That is the question which is being guardedly discussed, at this very moment, in a hundred back-street hovels, a hundred miserable mud huts in this derelict, disgraceful corner of the British Empire.

"The proud, dispossessed Maulas hope against hope that it may be so. Myself, I take leave to doubt it. Indeed, nothing that I have seen of British officialdom so far indicates that there is any possibility of Dinamaula finding a sympathetic ear. He, of course, though chief's blood runs strong in his veins, is beyond the pale, where Pharamaul's shop-worn white 'society' is concerned.

"It is typical of this place that I could not even take him to the local club for an evening 'sun-downer.' The club, like everything else in Port Victoria, is rubber-stamped. 'White Men Only.'

"Pharamaul, tonight, is hot and sticky. Officialdom, tonight and every night, is cold—and sticky. But still the other Pharamaul waits, brooding in patient silence, for Dinamaula to assume the mantle of chief, and to bring them hope for the future. He is, indeed, their only hope.

"His plans are far-reaching, statesmanlike, eminently wise. His chances of forcing them through, in the face of British officials worried about nothing worse than their next pay increment, their next shipment of cheap gin from London, are slim, slim as this young and gallant chief himself.

"TOMORROW: The Cocked Hat Brigade of Pharamaul."

SIR ELLIOTT VERE-TOOMBS, K.B.E., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Principality of Pharamaul, sat behind a leather-topped desk at one end of his study. It was a large room, well-proportioned and lofty, but for all that it was still hot, humid, and airless.

Sir Elliott drew a faded khaki handkerchief from his sleeve, and mopped his brow. He was a small, spare man, with a high, beaked nose and a prim mouth; his dry, wrinkled skin and bleached hair proclaimed that heat was no stranger to him.

He was sixty-one. Pharamaul would be his last bout with the sub-tropics. After that the genteel breezes of Bournemouth, the neat chills of Cheltenham, would be his portion until he died. And on an afternoon such as this, one might be forgiven for looking forward to the change.

His grey Palm Beach suit wilting against his small body, the governor opened a drawer at the side of his desk. On the pad before him lay a six-page draft dispatch beginning: "My Lord, I have the honour to submit a report bearing upon the import position in the Principality."

It was a dispatch so detailed, so pedestrian, and so damnably dull that he could bear to look at it no longer. Within the drawer, secure from anyone's sight save his own, lay his stamp collection. Guiltily, warily, Sir Elliott concentrated on that.

It was an oddly varied collection, containing only the stamps of those countries in which Sir Elliott had served, he had started it as a young man at the outset of his career, when sixteen months in the tropical heat of the Ivory Coast, with nothing whatever to do, had dictated the need for a hobby. Sometimes the sections were small, when promotion had moved him on swiftly, sometimes, as in the case of Hongkong, a setback in his career had at least resulted in a hundred per cent philatelic coverage.

It was sad to think that the collection was now so near its end.

His hot, gentle fingers smoothed the pages until there was a knock on the door, when, swiftly and furtively, he closed the drawer again, and turned back to the dispatch. He was thus respectably discovered when the door opened.

It opened slowly, and the girl who presently emerged did so at a very deliberate pace indeed. She knew all about the governor's stamp collection. She was young enough to find it funny, warm-hearted enough to think it pathetic. And not for the world would she have embarrassed such a nice old poppet.

As she came forward the governor sighed, as much for her loveliness as for the interruption. If only the world were blessed with mint-condition Pharamaul Blacks, and girls as beautiful as this one, and nothing else . . .

He smiled a tired smile. "Yes, Nicole?"

"It's Mr. Bracken, Sir Elliott," Nicole Stewart said. "You said you'd see him. He's here now."

"Very well." His smile reappeared, this time less automatic. "I'll ring. I just want to—er—finish this dispatch."

"Yes, Sir Elliott." Nicole shut the door carefully behind her, went back to her desk and said to the waiting young man: "He's busy at the moment. Won't you sit down?"

David Bracken, caught between the agonizing cross-fire of a first interview with the governor and the nearness of a girl whose fresh beauty, dark hair and candid shapeliness had knocked him flat, answered foolishly: "Yes, please."

Alone again, the governor sighed heavily. It was a hot day for seeing people, and he had already had long sessions both with Macmillan and Dinamaula.

Macmillan he trusted like his own right hand. Dinamaula had puzzled him. He had talked, for example, of rehousing at Gamate, of drainage schemes, of cattle registration—things which the Maulas themselves still scorned and resisted with the same unbroken front as they had shown for at least a hundred years. It was to be hoped that Dinamaula was not going to unsettle everything, at the outset of a new chieftainship. The latter, in itself, was likely to be disturbing enough, with an Old Gang of regents to be seen off the premises, and youth installed at the helm.

But Macmillan had said: "Everything will be all right. He's new, that's all." Macmillan knew what he was talking about. . . . Sir Elliott pressed the bell for David Bracken to be shown in.

Their interview lasted an hour, and was unexpectedly satisfactory to both sides. Only once, across a chasm of thirty years, did they discover a measure of disagreement.

"Don't you think, sir," asked David Bracken at one point, when they had been discussing other parts of Africa, "that a place like Pharamaul is bound to fall into the pattern of the rest of this part of the world?"

"Of course." The governor raised his eyebrows. "It is part of the pattern already. It's not in Africa, of course, but it's close enough to the coast—like Madagascar on the other side—to take its colour from the mainland."

"That means, then—self-determination?"

"Self-determination?" The governor sniffed at the word like an amiable inquisitor. "It depends what you mean by that very elastic term."

"I meant, like the Gold Coast, or perhaps parts of the Rhodesias. Progress towards independence."

"My dear fellow," said the governor, leaning back again, "that is *not* what self-determination means to me."

"But, sir, you said they're part of the same pattern."

"Certainly. But the pattern is the most varied one in the world. The whole of Africa is a pattern—a pattern of change, variety, frequent anomaly. What is appropriate in one part is unthinkable in another.

"Self-determination means, to me, that a particular people—like the Maulas—will be encouraged to do the very best they can with their own resources and at their own level of development. You can't hurry the thing up, and you certainly can't apply a different set of rules or an advanced programme, just because somewhere else, in a totally different part of Africa, there are some Negroes who could knock spots off most lawyers or politicians in the outside world."

He drew breath. "Pharamaul *has* self-determination—together with the continuing help it needs from us. But to give it the same self-determination as a country like Nigeria, would ruin it overnight."

"Things will stay much as they are, then?"

"I hope so." The governor looked at the young man, aware that he was searching for an equitable formula for all the world—as he himself had searched, thirty years before. "I hope

As the jeep passed, two men sitting under a tre

saluted quickly. Crump waved back, just as briefly "That's Dinumaula's cousin, Zuva," he told David, "and one of the regents, Puero. The worst one"

so. . . . The thing works, David." He paused again "They are very simple people. We will have to help them, for a very long while Now let's see about your office, and things like that My secretary will take you round '

David Bracken closed the door behind him

"Feeling better?" asked Nicole Steuart

"Fine," answered Bracken. "He said you'd show me round

Nicole Steuart nodded "We'll do that Where were you before this? '

"London." He perched on the arm of a chair and looked down at her. It was an agreeable view. "Is it always as hot as this?"

"This isn't so bad. It's summer, after all" She stood up. "Let's walk round. You d better meet the rest of the staff '

THEY walked round It was a somewhat confused process David Bracken met a lot of girls in the cipher room He met a man called Stevens, a secretary at the same level as himself. He met a booming character whose cheerful, sweating face owed much to the heat, more to pink gin—Captain Simpson, the naval aide-de-camp. He met the political secretary, Purves-Brownrigg

So glad you got here safely," said Purves-Brownrigg, as if Bracken had hacked his way through a dozen enemy columns to reach Port Victoria "Nicole, darling, you look ravishing So cool, too '

Purves Brownrigg himself looked pre-eminently cool his dove-grey lightweight suit was immaculate and his fair hair a miracle of neatness.

"I'm Aidan Purves-Brownrigg," he said holding out a slim hand. "The only Foreign Office type among you rough scheduled people Did you have a good journey?

David said' "It was comfortable I was on the same plane as Macmillan '

' How pleasant for you!" said Purves-Brownrigg. "Such a stalwart old character."

"He seems to know everything there is to know about Pharamaul "

' He s an encyclopaedia A hundred volumes '

When they had left the room, and this door was shut in turn, Nicole demanded' "Why didn't you like him?"

"Not my type," said David

"I think men are really awful. Aidan's a sweet person who does a tremendous amount of good here. And he's very good company—not dull and talking shop all the time, like everyone else."

David said shortly: "Is he? Whom haven't I seen?"

' That's the lot, I think The rest are up at Gamate You'll meet some of the wives this evening

"What's the form on this dinner party?"

' It's to welcome you as a new member of the family The governor always gives one."

There were ten guests at dinner' there must have been, at a rough calculation, fifteen servants on duty, while behind the scenes, to produce the iced *consommé*, fillet of sole, duck *à l'orange*, ice cream, and coffee, a round dozen other individuals must have been toiling

It was, as Nicole Steuart had said, a family occasion. The governor, erect, bird-like in a white dinner jacket and a frilled shirt, sat at the head of the tables. On his right was Mrs. Simpson, on his left Mrs. Stevens. Opposite him, Lady Vere-Toombs presided, with so easy a charm, so automatic a dispensation of words and attention, that she might have been a senior actress walking through a dress rehearsal, keeping her all for the real performance later that night. She had Captain Simpson and Stevens flanking her, and the numbers were made up by Aidan Purves-Brownrigg, the governor s social secretary, and Anthea Vere-Toombs, the governor's daughter.

Anthea, David's neighbour at the table, had come as something of a shock to him She was a tall, haggard blonde, demonstrably in her middle

Continued on page 49

How white should your loaf be?

by JAMES DORAN CLARK

Most families prefer National bread to brown; but they like the white loaf better still

For centuries doctors were suspicious of white bread. Then hundreds of hungry orphans seemed to prove them wrong Now the end of the bread subsidy leaves the last word with the housewife

IN 1947, when the food shortage in defeated Germany was at its worst, a British medical research team descended on the municipal orphanage of Duisburg with good news. To the 180 boys and girls housed there—orphans, unwanted illegitimate children, or children whose parents were in jail—it offered unlimited bread to supplement their meagre rations. The first scientific experiment on human beings to determine the relative values of white and brown bread had begun

The team was led by Professor Robert McCance and Dr Elsie Widdowson McCance, now Professor of Experimental Medicine at Cambridge University, is one of Britain's leading nutritionists. He is a lean ascetic-looking man, so devoted to his work that he even experiments on himself

McCance has gone without liquids for days in order to dehydrate himself in the cause of science Once, when a colleague was visiting him in his laboratory, he wheeled on him and asked staring intently "Do you notice anything peculiar about me?" His colleague confessed afterwards: "I thought he'd gone mad'

The professor persisted: "Can't you see my face is twitching?" And his face *was* twitching He had been deliberately starving himself of calcium to note the effects

McCance and Dr Widdowson, a distinguished biochemist in her own right who now works with McCance at Cambridge, picked two orphanages for their experiment. At Duisburg, from June 1947 to June 1948, they fed the children on a diet composed mainly of one of five different kinds of bread: seventy per cent extraction, eighty-five per cent extraction and one hundred per cent wholemeal bread, besides two seventy per cent breads which were artificially enriched to an eighty-five per cent and a hundred per cent level

At the other orphanage at Vohwinkel, between January 1948, and January 1949, only three kinds of bread were tested seventy per cent, one hundred per cent wholemeal and a seventy per cent extraction artificially enriched to one hundred per cent.

At Duisburg, the children had only their German rations—which consisted mainly of vegetables—supplemented by unlimited quantities of one of the types of bread Those at Vohwinkel were also given unlimited amounts of fat, sugar and jam

The idea of this was to test the breads at two levels of intake one where seventy-five per cent of the calories were supplied by bread, and the other where only thirty-five per cent was supplied by bread and another thirty-five per cent by sugar and fat, which contain no B vitamins. Thus if there were none of the essential nutrients in the most highly refined bread, a deficiency would show up on the bready diet, if there were some, but not enough, the deficiency would most probably be shown up by the fatty diet

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The experiment was carried out with great care. The bread was cut into standard slices and the number that each child ate, together with the amount of other food consumed, was diligently recorded at every meal. Regularly the children were medically examined, weighed and measured, and had their blood tested

The children entered into it all with gusto, each child remaining staunch to his own bread group. At Duisburg the flours for the enriched bread were dyed two different shades of yellow to avoid confusion; so the children used to call themselves by the colour of the bread they ate

In common with the rest of their profession McCance and Widdowson fully expected their experiment to prove the inferiority of low-extraction flours But they were surprised

At the beginning of the experiment the children were below average weight and height, and their pot bellies and bad skins were obvious signs of their undernourishment. At the end of it, all the children had grown and put on weight equally well, irrespective of what kind of bread they had been eating. They had grown to the normal standards for children of their age, were fit and showed no signs of any deficiency

One firm conclusion that McCance and Widdowson drew was that all bread, of whatever extraction rate, was much more nutritious than

scientists had ever guessed. White flour, suspect for centuries, had survived its first real test.

The art of milling white flour was known to the ancient Egyptians and is mentioned in the Old Testament, but it was not until the urban civilizations of Greece and Rome arose that the controversy over what kind of bread was best really got going. Then, as now, white bread seemed a symbol of the sophisticated city life, brown bread the symbol of the good old days when men were simpler, better and healthier.

Until the nineteenth century, white bread was a luxury in Britain. But by 1860, because of great improvements in milling techniques, millers were able to reduce the price of white flour below that of brown. White bread then became the cheapest food the poor could buy. This satisfied the general public, who got the bread they wanted; the stockbreeders, who got better-quality offals for animal feeding, and the millers, whose profits soared.

Despite the onslaught from wholemealers and scientists, the white loaf held its place in British breadbins. In 1939, ninety-five per cent of bread consumed in this country was made from white flour milled to a seventy per cent extraction, the remaining thirty per cent, the dark, branny parts of the wheat, was fed to livestock. But it was the waste of this thirty per cent that alarmed nutritionists.

Between the wars much knowledge was won about vitamins. Research on the wheat berry had shown that the branny parts of it were especially rich in the B-vitamins. By modern milling methods, these parts were being separated from the flour. Among the nutrients being lost in this way were vitamin B, nicotinic acid and iron, lack of which produces well-known deficiency diseases—beri-beri, pellagra and anaemia. As bread forms one-third of the diet of most of the population, medical opinion was that the removal of vitamins from white flour was a serious problem.

The millers offered, before the war, to add synthetic vitamin B to their flour, without raising the price. This was done during the early part of the war until 1942, when shipping losses forced the government, who then controlled the milling industry, to economize on wheat and raise the extraction rate to eighty-five per cent. With more bran in the flour, the vitamin content did not need raising artificially.

What was raised was the calcium content. The government's scientific advisers suspected a general deficiency of calcium in the wartime diet, and calcium carbonate, which is chalk, was added to the flour.

One remarkable effect of wartime rationing was that the nation emerged from the war, on the whole, better fed and healthier than it had gone into it. The vast majority of doctors put this down to the fact that everyone was eating the vitamin-rich bread of eighty-five per cent extraction.

At the end of the war, the milling industry pressed for a return to seventy per cent extraction bread, enriched with synthetic vitamin B to the level of eighty per cent extraction. The government's medical advisers opposed them. They argued for an eighty per cent extraction which would ensure an adequate level of other vitamins in the B-complex, about which less was known. The millers challenged the value of these little-known vitamins and demanded that the doctors prove their case.

Two views from rival millers. Above, Ernest Whitelock (standing) says: "We make white flour because the bakers demand it." Cyril Atkinson, below, says that "wholemealers don't get ulcers"

The doctors' answer was to initiate the McCance-Widdowson experiment which, they thought, would settle the argument in their favour. It did not. The findings were completely unexpected. Though phrased with scientific caution, they were backed with some impressive scientific evidence, all of which suggested that in a mixed diet there was no difference nutritionally between white and brown bread.

This was a blow to orthodox medical opinion. The Medical Research Council did not publish the report of the experiment until 1954, nearly six years after it had been completed.

In the meantime the milling industry was decontrolled. The millers were once more allowed to make a white flour, which had to be enriched with synthetic vitamins, as well as the National flour of eighty per cent. But, because National flour was subsidized, a white loaf cost between 3d. and 4½d. more than a pale grey one. Millers and bakers felt that their white hope was being priced out of the market. It was, ninety-nine per cent of the population continued to buy the cheaper National loaf.

This was partly because the National loaf had almost become a white loaf. The millers had progressively lowered the extraction rates, in defiance of the government order, to get a whiter National flour. By early 1955 National, instead of being eighty per cent extraction, was sometimes as low as seventy-two per cent extraction. This rate was about the same as a prewar white flour.

By this year the whiteness of flour had become a political issue, with the millers and bakers ranged against all the government's medical and scientific advisers.

In May a panel was appointed to inquire into the nutritive values of National flour as opposed to enriched and unenriched white flour. Under the chairmanship of Lord Cohen, the panel was to advise the government on whether these differences would have any effect on the health of the population.

There was some criticism of the millers' motives in pressing for white flour. Why should the trade go to the trouble of extracting the natural vitamins from wheat only to replace

Continued on page 42

Fabulous new characters, a light-hearted new plot—in a brilliant comedy serial

Something Fishy

by P. G. WODEHOUSE

One of the brilliant illustrations by Edwin Phillips

P. G. Wodehouse has found another butler to succeed the fabulous Jeeves. He is Keggs—hero of the gay new serial "Something Fishy."

Keggs is eavesdropping one evening in 1929 when J. J. Bunyan agrees to start a tontine—a scheme in which he and ten other millionaires put up fifty thousand dollars each. The grand total will go to whichever of their sons is the last to marry.

In 1956 there are only two sons left in the race—and Keggs is still around. This, he thinks, is high time he cashed in on the plot. But by now there are a lot more Wodehouse characters involved. . . .

Lord Uffenham, Keggs's last employer, a down and out peer with an annoying habit of going into baffling trances. . . . Jane, Lord Uffenham's niece, a beautiful, charming girl who could fall in love with a millionaire's son even if he was a pauper—like Bill Hollister. . . . Mortimer Bayliss, who loves his fellow men only if he can insult them.

When Keggs ceremoniously opens his notebook and ticks off the last name but two, the fun gets better and better.

Eleven times fifty thousand—in dollars. It's a prize that provides P. G. Wodehouse's brightest, most romantic story. "Something Fishy" begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

LONESOME

by ***MITCHELL F. JAYNE***

He was a wolf; I couldn't change that. But we could be friends. Orphans understand each other

THEY killed a wolf the other day down where I used to live. I read about it in the weekly paper my people send, and for a moment, as I read, the noise of the shot rang and echoed in my ears. I thought of Lonesome.

I know that it couldn't be Lonesome, though because it's seven years since I last saw him. Wild things just don't live that long.

But it started me remembering, and for a moment or two I could even smell the warmth of spring seeping up through the forest floor, and feel it in the afternoon sun that was shining the day I found Lonesome.

I came upon him in the woods on the way home from school. I was sixteen then, and I had trudged back and forth from school along that same forest path several hundred times. It was April, the dogwoods were budding and the blue jays argued from bush to bush ahead of me as I walked, blue streaks against the yellow buds of spring.

I had just passed the old cedar tree that marks the start of Troublesome Hollow when I heard a low, odd-sounding whine. I stopped and looked all around, and after a little searching I found what had made the noise. It was a pup of some sort, with a funny-shaped head and dark fur, and the most appealing blue eyes I had ever seen. I tried to pick it up, but the little thing was frightened and ran off a little way. I kept clicking my tongue and whistling.

I stroked the little pup until its growls subsided, trying to work things out

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

and calling, but it would just crouch with its nostrils twitching wildly and run when I approached

Finally I outran it and picked it up. I sat down on the grass and put the pup between my legs and stroked it until its growls subsided trying to work the thing out. I knew that some people just turned dogs loose in the woods to die, and this idea was foremost in my mind.

The pup shook itself and looked around, and finally tried the edibility of my trouser leg. I teased it with my book strap and it was delighted, stalking the strap with narrowed eyes and fat belly close to the ground.

The fact that the animal was a wolf came to me like a faceful of cold spring water. I had been thinking of it as a dog, but suddenly the pointed ears, furred on the inside, the large feet, the dark, solid-coloured fur and the blue eyes all added up.

The woods became strange about me, and even the light changed in some subtle way, so that I remember looking about me with an odd, prickly feeling, as if I expected to see a dark, sinister shape slinking among the trees. But there was nothing. The birds sang in the red buds, a woodpecker drummed fretfully at a dead sycamore.

I got to my feet and the pup shrank back from my height. I backed a few steps and it whined again, deep in its stomach, sharing my confusion. However, when I walked away it ran after me and whimpered. I picked it up carefully, so that I wouldn't scare it, and started home.

It was an odd feeling that the wolf pup gave me, one I can't explain even now. I only knew that it was wild and so was I.

Mine was a lonely wilderness, like the Saskatchewan forests in January when the ice glistens and the ground is frozen. I had been orphaned at five, when my parents were killed in a road accident, and I had turned into a little owl of a boy, shy, lonely and afraid, completely confused at the events I had gone through.

Carl and Bea, my foster parents, like most childless couples, gave me all the heartfelt love and sympathy such people have stored up. I, in turn, loved them, and I think they always realized it, although I never said much outwardly to prove it. They did everything I think could be possible to make up for the thing that had happened to my childhood, but there just wasn't any way to push me into a world I resented and feared.

But when I was ten I began to discover the woods, and I found in them some of the solace I needed. I would play for hours in little grassy clearings where my only companions were sun and a host of woodland birds.

I loved the scent of wild violets and mint, and the dark pools in the deepest hollows of the woods where I sailed my boats of leaves. School didn't change me much. I walked the three miles to school through the woods, even after they changed the school bus route to run only a quarter of a mile from the farm.

Life on the farm I loved then and still do. The hours spent knee-deep in a gravelly stream catching minnows, tramping the woods or lying reflexive on a haystack to watch cannon-puffs of August clouds chase across the sky—all these things were part of the little secret nest of happiness in which my mind curled up on stormy nights when the April rain thundered against the roof over my head.

As I grew older, though, my feelings about civilization were upsetting to Carl and Bea, who were community-minded farm people. I hated to go to town on Saturdays—a thing unheard of in a farm boy. I had no enthusiasm for the cinema, and I had not one close friend. At sixteen, normally a noisy and exuberant age, I was a polite, backward, soft-spoken boy, as lean and solitary as a swamp crane.

I don't suppose that I had ever been much excited about anything, except the first morning when frost whitened the fields, and the high, wild honking of geese when autumn came, or the first good tracking snow in the woods. The excitement I felt, however, on that afternoon when I headed home with the wolf cub in my sweater, I can still feel today in recollecting it.

The sun was red in the west and the cows were lowing down at the barn when I got home. All the way I had been preparing what I would say when I got there, but somehow, when Carl and Bea had come to my urgent summons, I could think of no words to say to make them look at the little ball of wildness from my point of view.

In the end, I simply handed the tousled cub to Bea. "It's a wolf," I said. "I found him down in the woods towards Troublesome Hollow."

My foster mother cuddled the frightened cub in her careful hands and stroked it between the eyes. It was a baby of sorts, wolf or otherwise, and babies were her failing. I could see by her eyes that I had one person to persuade instead of two, and I turned the full fervour of my desire into eloquence on behalf of the cub.

Carl had seen too many of the lean, rough coated killers that are wolves to be much impressed with the innocent appearance of a young one, and he was too much a farmer to forget how many of his geese and turkeys had fallen to its ancestors. He took the cub from my mother, and scratched its diminutive chops doubtfully while he looked from it to me. I explained that I would single-handedly feed, watch and be responsible for the animal, and that he would never know it was on the place.

Carl, of course, knew better. But he was a big, generous man, and I know now that it always hurt him inwardly that he was able to give me so little that I wanted. If he had had a normal child, he would have spoiled him beyond reason.

He looked at me quizzically, but his eyes were kind. "Well," he finally grunted, "the neighbours will think that I've gone crazy, but I guess you can keep it. Mind you, don't let it near the chickens, though," he added, as I gathered up the cub to leave, in great fear that he might think better of his decision.

I nodded rapidly and turned to Bea. "His name's Lonesome," I told her, and then I fled to the barn to chain him up while I did my chores.

No one but myself understood why I had named him Lonesome. The name reminded me of the way he looked when I first found him, and I think it carried a little of the feeling of the wild that the cub represented to me.

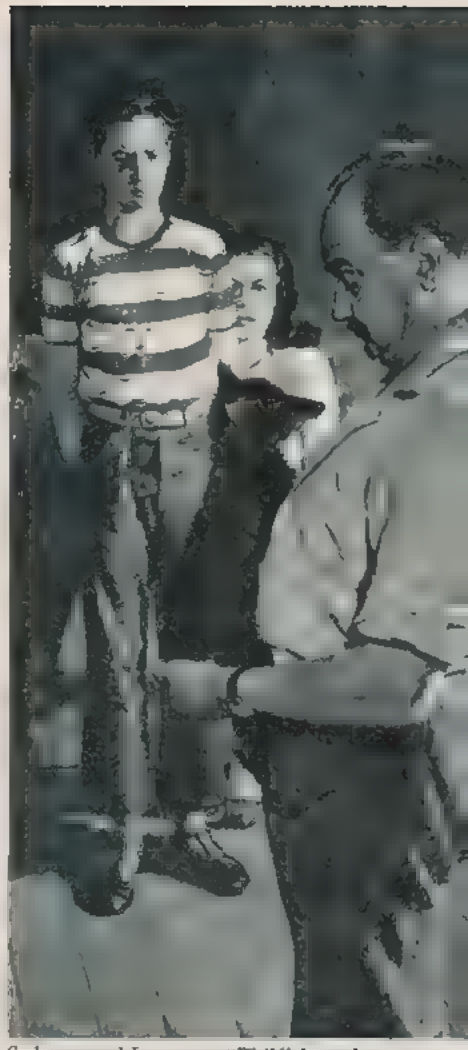
Lonesomeness was a dark, musical spring feeding a secret hollow in the woods; a crane, patient and solitary in autumn marshes; the cry of wild geese in the night. And in a way it was my own quiet pattern of life, of which the wolf was a symbol to me.

Lonesome could not be house-broken despite my every effort short of whipping. I couldn't whip him, when I wanted so badly to have his confidence, and I don't think it would have taught him anything.

I wanted to keep him in the house, however, until he got used to the strange noises and smells of humans, and I faithfully cleaned up after him so that Bea would have no reason for disliking him.

For the first few weeks Lonesome was shy, suspicious and nervous. When a door slammed or something was dropped, he would shrink together like a mouse that hears the voice of an owl, and always he ran to me for protection.

I bought him a forty-foot chain and drove a post in the back yard, and Carl erected a twenty-by-twenty pen around it. I played with him so much, leading him over the fields and down to the barn to hunt mice, that he never lacked exercise, and never paced his pen, like most wild things.



Carl examined Lonesome. "Well," he said at last, "the neighbours will think I've gone crazy, but I guess you can keep it"

But the wolf was wild. It showed in his eyes as he grew, the way it shows in the eyes of a hawk. He would lie, motionless as a grey rock, watching the chickens as they scratched in the grass of the yard around his pen. He soon found that if he left a portion of his food uneaten the birds would come into the pen to eat it, and it was fearful to watch him wait, long after a cat would have lost patience, to let a bird walk near enough so that he could be sure of it.

He played like a pup, but yet always with a subtle difference. He chewed gloves and slippers and chased moths that got through the screens; puplike he cocked his head at every unfamiliar noise. He hid or buried everything he chewed, and with the saving knowledge of his ancestors, always interred everything he couldn't eat at one meal, although I always fed him enough for two pups twice his size.

When he caught an insect, he always swallowed it with great relish, as a hunter who has earned his game, and he always stalked the sounds he heard until he was sure what made them.

As the spring turned to summer, and summer

Continued on page 42

Chew

Chew refreshing, delicious
Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum
with the exciting flavour
that sweetens your breath,
freshens your mouth and
brightens your smile.

Healthful · Refreshing · Delicious

Try this wonderful new flavour

REACH FOR YOUR FORKS!

Fine plump beans soaked in a rich, sweet-and-spicy tomato sauce, and all with a delicious *new* flavour—that's what you meet when you sit down to a meal with Batchelors Baked Beans. The most difficult children, the faddiest husbands, will love these hearty *new* beans. Try some *today*.

A client watches his measurements being taken on the try gun. A gun must fit perfectly, says Lawrence

The action being fitted to a gun's stock. Guns usually take about six months to make, and last a lifetime

Lawrence gives a gun a final look over before despatch. About forty orders a year come from the U.S.A.

Tailor-made for marksmen

by DON EVERITT

Made to measure, Harry Lawrence's guns cost well over £500. "A man will always find the money for his sport"

A WEALTHY American, keen on hunting, lost the sight of his right eye in an accident. Reluctant to give up his sport, he tried to continue shooting, first from his right shoulder, then from his left, but with miserable results. Some time later, on his first visit to Britain, he browsed longingly around the London showrooms of James Purdey and Sons, the gunmakers, explaining that his shooting days were ended.

The firm's cherubic, white-haired managing director, Harry Lawrence, amiably contradicted him. "On the contrary, sir," he said "what you want is a cross-eyed gun."

The American regarded him sceptically Lawrence explained that the cross-eyed gun would enable him to shoot perfectly well from his right shoulder The stock, built to curve round one side of the face, would bring the barrels and, therefore, the sighting plane in line with his left eye. When Lawrence showed him a specimen cross-eyed gun, the American promptly ordered one

"Not only did he shoot again, but he shot better than ever before," says Lawrence. "The reason was that he had never previously had a gun made to measure."

For more than a hundred and fifty years, Purdey's have ranked as one of the world's leading makers of bespoke sporting guns and rifles. Since 1850, they have held Warrants of Appointment to every British monarch. On practically every page of their order books through the years appear such names as Alfonso of Spain, Kaiser Wilhelm III, Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, Churchill and Ribbentrop, Rothschild and Rockefeller. "In the last century," says Lawrence, "our showrooms have seen practically every crowned head in Europe and many millionaires. We've built guns of one sort or another for them all."

For King George V, convalescing after an illness, Purdey's made a gun which he could use in bed. "The King loved shooting and fretted to have some practice So we built a gun normal in all respects except that it didn't shoot cartridges but a beam of light from a torch battery and a bulb. As he sat up in his bedroom, the King could strengthen his shooting muscles and brush up his aim by bringing the gun up smartly and shooting the chandelier and the pictures on the wall."

Purdey's hold the appointments of cartridge makers to the Queen and gunmakers to the Duke of Edinburgh. Purdey's once built a pair of guns for Queen Mary, a twelfth of the normal size, they went into the famous Doll's House

The market today for the London hand-made —or, as the trade calls it, "best"—gun is surprisingly undiminished. With Purdey's cheapest game gun priced at £539 with purchase tax in Britain and £440 abroad, the home sales are reduced to a mere six or seven guns a year, but the orders from the United States, Brazil, the Argentine and the Middle East keep the factory constantly busy. Other "London best" gunmakers, such as Holland and Holland, Rigby, Greener, and Cogswell and Harrison, have similarly compensated a drop in the home market with increased export trade

The American market has grown so profitable to Purdey's in the last few years that Lawrence turns travelling salesman for eight weeks every autumn, making a strenuous journey of fourteen thousand miles around the U.S.A. "I take six specimen guns and all my measuring equipment, and advertise in the newspapers that I'll be setting up shop in various hotels from New York to San Francisco We get about forty orders a year from the States. Some Americans own ten or more Purdeys. A man will always find money for his sport, whether it's football or shooting"

In London, Lawrence personally attends to most customers in the heavily Victorian Long Room at the back of the South Audley Street shop. Decorated with ornate crimson flock wallpaper, the Long Room contains portraits of every Purdey since 1750, numerous informal autographed snapshots of royalty, and several

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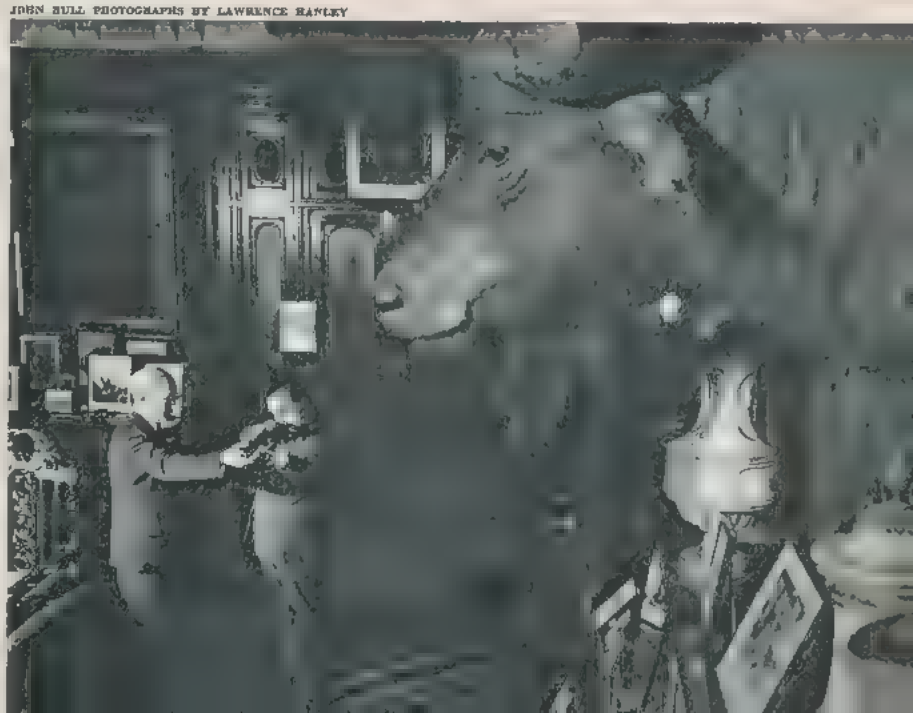
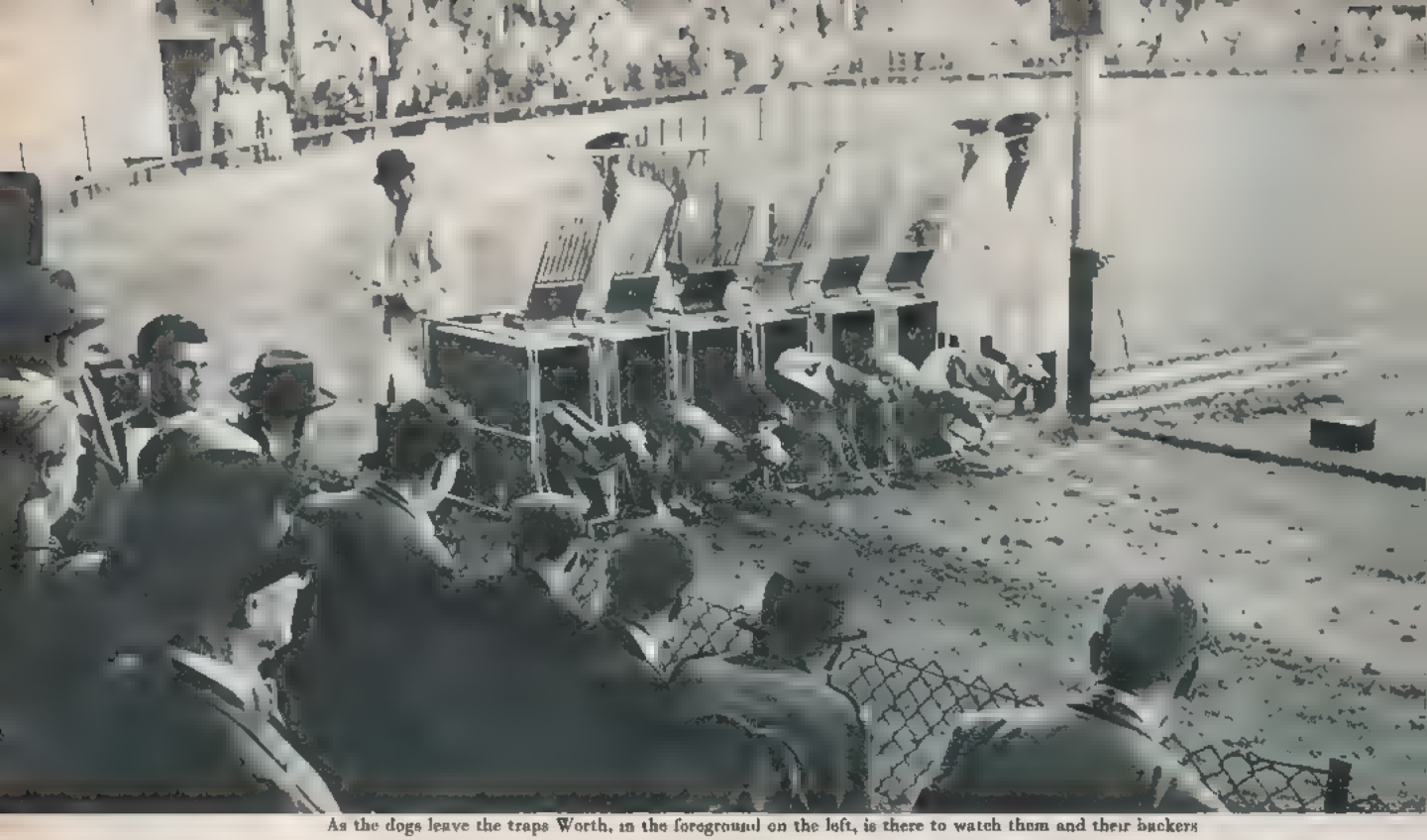
JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



In the Long Room, a client carries out an aiming test. Purdey's have supplied guns to nearly every crowned head in Europe



As the dogs leave the traps Worth, in the foreground on the left, is there to watch them and their backers

Watchdog at the greyhound track

by CHARLES ROETTER

Percy Worth is courteous and genial. But the tricksters have learned to fear his unhurried methods—and his filing system

At a provincial greyhound racing track some years ago a man went to the £1 window of the Tote just before a race. He asked for fifty betting tickets on one of the runners. By the time twenty or thirty tickets had been punched, the race had started. The man reached into his pocket, suddenly cried out that his wallet had gone, and disappeared into the crowd. The dog he had started to bet on was unplaced.

There was nothing apparently crooked about this. No money had passed, no betting tickets had been taken. But there is a standing order at the sixty-five dog tracks belonging to the National Greyhound Racing Society that any incident at all unusual, no matter how seemingly trivial, must be reported to the society's security officer at the track.

The incident was therefore duly reported to him. He passed on the report to the Jermyn Street, London, headquarters of the security service. This organization is run by Percy Worth, an unhurried, courteous, genial man in his sixties who was formerly Deputy Commander of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard.

Worth, like all good policemen, believes in the value of detail and a filing system. Not long after, an account of a similar incident at another track was added to the file, and then a third, from a third track. In one case, the excuse for not taking the tickets was that the Tote attendant had mistaken the number of the dog, in the other the punter suddenly discovered that his pocket had been picked.

Worth began to investigate. He found that in each case the dog backed was one that was almost bound to win if it got away to a quick start. He also found that the layout of these tracks was such that, from a point high in the stands, there was a good view of both the Tote window and the starting traps.

This was enough to put Worth on to one of the most ingenious schemes devised in recent years to defraud the Tote. Before the start of a race, one man placed a bet large enough to keep the Tote attendant busy until just after the start. A second man stood at the top of the stands to signal whether the dog they had picked broke clear. If it did, the man at the Tote would pay for the tickets. If it did not, he would find some excuse for not paying.

Worth knew that only a limited number of dog tracks in his care had a layout which made this fraud possible. He laid his plans accordingly. "It was not long," he says, "before we hauled in the three rogues."

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Greyhound racing offers special opportunities for fraud because of the way that the dogs run. The pedigree greyhound is the most consistent racing animal in the world. Betting on it depends on past form more than any other kind of betting.

Shortly after the war it was evident that the greyhound tracks would have to be "cleaned up." The temptation for frauds had become irresistible. During 1946, the peak year, greyhound Totes alone had a turnover of £200 million, and it was estimated that bookmakers handled as much again. Even now, with money much tighter and a ten per cent tax on Tote betting, the sums involved are large. In 1955 the Tote turnover was about £60 million.

The National Greyhound Racing Society therefore approached the Home Office in 1946 and secured the services of Worth, then still in his senior post at Scotland Yard. He started to create his own security force, with at least one officer, usually a former C.I.D. man, at each of the tracks represented in the N.G.R.S.

There are still about 140 independent tracks—"flapping tracks" as they are called—which remain outside the society. Worth's job does not extend to them, though he keeps observation on what happens there. The N.G.R.S. members include all the big tracks.

Worth started the patient accumulation of detail at his headquarters in London. Most of this is routine work, but that is the basis, says Worth, of all good security. His files, constantly expanding, contain a record of all known

Security work, not betting, takes Worth near the bookmakers. Apart from an annual flutter on the Derby at Epsom, he does not bet

Worth ensures that no unauthorized persons can get anywhere near the dogs. Even the owners are screened before they can visit the kennels

characteristics, methods, movements and associates of anyone who has ever attracted suspicion on any dog track. They also, of course, include a "rogues' gallery" of photographs.

A distinguished visitor to the security headquarters was recently looking through the files when, to his astonishment, he came across a photograph of his barber. He remarked that he had not seen the man for months, and several times he had wondered why.

Worth consulted his files. "He won't be cutting your hair again for some time yet," he said. The man was serving a prison sentence.

Of all the frauds being practised on greyhound tracks when Worth took over his security job, one of the most prevalent was the forgery of Tote tickets. But this was usually also one of the easier crimes to detect and prevent, and now it is practically never attempted. In 1955, when some 25 million people visited greyhound tracks, money known to have been obtained from the Tote by fraud amounted to only £18 9s. 9d.

Attempts at substituting a "ringer"—a faster dog disguised to look like a slower one—have been very few since the early days of greyhound racing in Britain. But it was a crime of this kind that gave Worth his biggest case, which ended in a trial at the Old Bailey and the conviction of a greyhound owner on charges of conspiracy to defraud in July 1950.

The first indication of anything unusual came at Southend, where a dog named Red Wind won an open puppy race over a distance of 500 yards in less time than it had taken to cover 460 yards in a trial four days earlier. Its owner had backed it, in several bets, to win £4,000 at odds of 20 to 1.

An inquiry was held, and Red Wind was checked against its identity card, which lists a full description of its physical characteristics down to such detail as the colour of each of its toes. Red Wind tallied with the identity card.

Worth, however, was unsatisfied. "A policeman," he says, "must never be disappointed. Sooner or later something turns up."

He began his usual process of collecting every scrap of information, every tiny detail, to be assembled patiently until some sort of picture emerged. He went to race meetings at which the suspected owner had entered one or other of his dogs. He instructed his security officers to check on the owner's friends and associates, and to report every fact, no matter how seemingly trivial, that could be ascertained about his movements and affairs. It was more than a year after suspicion had been aroused before the suspect could be brought to trial at the Old Bailey.

One fact that was disclosed as the inquiry proceeded was that the owner had been to Ireland to purchase some dogs. And soon it was found that the owner had bought, in Ireland, three successful dogs which bore a striking resemblance to three rather indifferent dogs he already owned in England.

"The woman who was to prove one of the key witnesses at the trial," Worth recalls, "was the wife of the Irish trainer who had sold the suspect owner a dog named Waggles. This dog was very similar to Red Wind, as described on its identity card.'

The trainer's wife came to England and went to the White City, where the dog known in England as Red Wind was kennelled at that time. Waggles recognized her instantly.

THE returns of N.G.R.S. security officers show that doping has become the least common of all dogtrack offences. Yet, at the moment, methods are not known for detecting all the drugs which can be used to dope greyhounds. They include hexamethonium, sometimes prescribed for persons with high blood pressure. This is a slowing-up drug, whether applied to humans or to dogs.

Soon after he was appointed, however, Worth introduced to all N.G.R.S. courses a set of security measures which makes it virtually impossible for an unauthorized person to get anywhere near the dogs.

Among the measures are day and night watchmen, a system of signing in and out every visitor to the dogs (including their owners and trainers), and a careful "screening" of all kennel staff.

Percy Worth comes of a family of policemen, his father and three brothers served in the force, and he has a niece who is a policewoman married to a policeman. Worth himself joined the police in 1910. During the first World War he was a member of the British counter-espionage service in France, Italy and Belgium. When he returned to peacetime police work he made steady, unspectacular progress.

He always put his trust in patience, detail and taking one thing at a time. Once, when he was at Scotland Yard, Lord Trenchard pointed to a building across the road and asked Worth what steps he would take if a murder were suddenly committed there.

Worth replied, cautiously: "I'd get over there as quickly as possible. My next step would depend entirely on what I found.'

His contemporaries at Scotland Yard remember Worth as a very serious, methodical man, of indestructible equanimity. Nothing ever perturbed him or put him out. It is typical of him that his relaxations are gardening and a game of bowls.

Apart from an annual flutter on the Derby, Worth lives at Ewell, with Epsom Downs practically at his front door—he does not bet. Nor do any of his security officers. When Worth is seen near the bookies' stands at a greyhound meeting, it is not betting, but business, which takes him there.

"It is surprising what you learn," he says, "if you keep your eyes and ears open in places where people are betting."

He was standing near the bookies on a small flapping track in the West Country, where he was holidaying with his wife, when he overheard a man mention what was obviously a scheme for fraud at the N.G.R.S. track at Gloucester.

"Now, be careful,' warned the man's companion, not noticing Worth. "They are very sharp on security at Gloucester." Worth felt like thanking them, not only for the tip-off, but for the compliment. THE END

The A

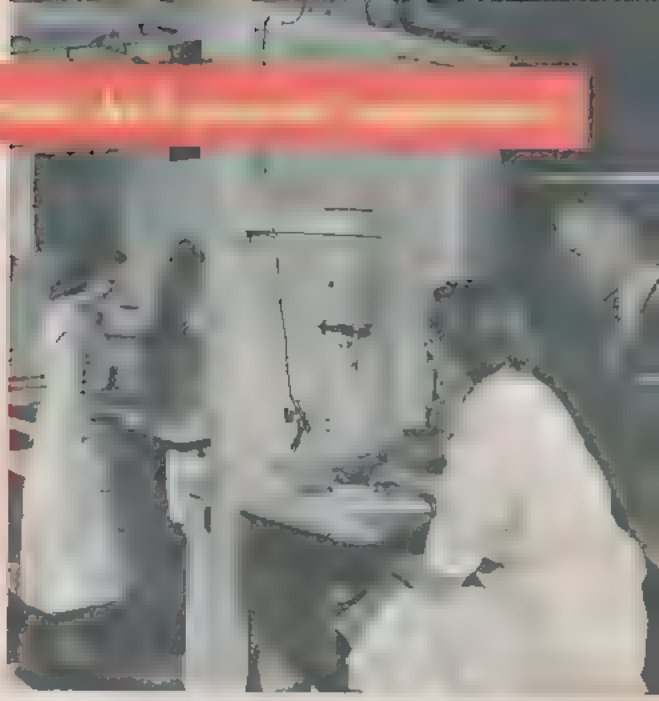
Eleanour was adrift—an

"I refuse to bandy words with the fellow," said Jack. He looked down at the horseman and emptied a small bag of ballast

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD D. ROSE

Practical ideas for

THE MODERN LABOUR-SAVING HOME



Observers record the moves which a housewife makes in the kitchen at the Building Research Station

RUNNING an average three-bedroom house adds up to six and a quarter hours' work every day. It involves going through doorways 214 times, and walking farther than a mile. Volunteer housewives at the Building Research Station at Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire, have proved this—and the scientists who watched and timed their movements maintain that almost every home can be made more labour-saving.

Planning is important. The re-hanging of a door on the other side of its frame to give quicker access to a room, the storing of cleaning equipment at a central point, the placing of a fuel bunker close to the back door and even the rearrangement of furniture so that a fire can be attended to without walking round chairs to reach it—all count in saving time and labour.

Tiles, linoleum, wood blocks and plastic panels—all of them easy for a handyman to use with professional effect—can reduce the effort in cleaning floors, walls, table tops, window ledges and other surfaces. Simple fittings like shelves and racks can put constantly needed items in nearer reach, basic carpentry like making a stool can avoid the fatigue in many kitchen chores, and the fixing of a collapsible table for eating in a kitchen, or the construction of a hatch between kitchen and dining-room, can speed the task of serving meals.

PLANNING A LABOUR-SAVING KITCHEN

Scientists who studied housewives at work maintain that almost every home can be made more labour-saving

THE Council of Scientific Management in the Home has been studying the kitchens of Britain's fourteen and a half million households. It estimates that the average housewife spends four hours a day on preparing meals and washing up. In many cases, however, that time could be reduced by at least fifteen minutes simply by rearranging the layout of the kitchen on more labour-saving lines.

The council, which is a team of scientists, housing experts and leaders of women's organizations, recommends that the main equipment should be placed in the following order: work surface, cooker, work surface, sink, work surface. The sequence can be along one wall of a large kitchen, in an L-shape in the corner of a smaller kitchen, or in a U-shape in a long, narrow one.

When her main equipment is thus grouped together in one part of the kitchen, the housewife is not so readily interrupted by the comings and goings of the rest of the family.

Time-wasting faults in many kitchens which have not been planned, but have simply grown to meet the demands of the people using them, are doors which break the sequence, or even the placing of the cooker and sink on opposite sides of the room with a busy traffic route, from the hall to the back door perhaps, between them.

Of course, a basic means of cutting down movement and speeding kitchen chores is to keep items which are most frequently needed as close as possible to the places where they are used. China, glassware, cutlery, kitchen utensils and saucepans, for example, should be stored near the cooker and sink. Nothing should be placed higher than 5 ft. 9 in. from the floor—the average housewife's reach.

The most comfortable height for a work surface is about 3 ft., the exact measurement depending on the height of the woman using the kitchen—and there should be a clearance of 15 in. or more between the work surface and any wall cupboard or shelf above it.

Backache as a result of washing-up can be ended by having the bottom of the sink at such a height that the housewife has to bend forward only slightly in order to place the palms of her hands on it.

At least one of the work surfaces beside the sink should be a draining board. If none of the remaining surfaces is big enough or suitable for pastry-making, a free-standing table or a collapsible one should be conveniently at hand.

There should be direct access to the larder from the kitchen. It should be on the cool side of the house, away from the cooker, wash boiler, hot water cylinder and coal store. It should have a cold slab and be fitted with shelves wide enough to take bottled fruit. In addition, it needs a window which can be opened, and an air brick at a lower level. In towns, larder floor areas should not be less than 4 sq. ft.; in the country, they should not be less than 10 sq. ft.

Other essentials in a labour-saving kitchen - apart from easy-to-clean ceiling, walls, work surfaces and floor—are space for a refrigerator, space on one side of the sink for a washing machine or wash boiler, adequate lighting, points for electrical equipment, proper ventilation and a table where the family can have occasional meals.

Three ideas from the stars

NORMAN WISDOM'S PORCH LOCKER

With the idea of stopping the mess caused on wet days when dripping coats and muddy footwear were brought indoors, Norman Wisdom, who learned tidy ways when he lived in a caravan, has fitted the porch of his house at Barnet, Hertfordshire, with a clothes cupboard and boot locker. "Norman and the children sit on the locker to pull off their boots and shoes," says Mrs. Wisdom.

Painted with the same white paint as the interior of the porch and having two doors, the locker provides a seat 4 ft. 6 in. long and 18 in. wide. The cupboard is directly above it. The top is a sheet of plywood shaped like a semi-circle, only more narrow, supported at right angles to the wall by brackets. A bar on which to hang coat-hangers is suspended beneath the top between two of the screw-on holders which can be bought for the purpose.

A white-painted plywood pelmet 4 in. wide hides a curtain rail and runners round the top. The curtain which hangs from them is of fadeless fabric with a brick red floral pattern which matches the curtains at the porch windows and contrasts with the porch's yellow door.

Clothes dry quickly in the cupboard which is on the south side of the house.

SAFETY GATES BY SYLVIA PETERS

Television announcer Sylvia Peters saves herself the trouble of constantly keeping her eye on Carmella, her eighteen-month-old daughter, by using two gates.

The first one is at the top of the stairs leading to her flat in Wimbledon, where she lives with her husband, TV producer Kenneth Maclintock Buckley; the second gate is a transferable one. It fits the living-room, kitchen, bedroom or bathroom doorways.

Sliding into slots formed by thin strips of wood screwed to the door frames, each gate consists of a rectangular frame of 3 in. by ¾ in. whitewood. Seven wooden rods, spaced 3 in. apart, are fixed vertically between the top and bottom bars. The wood has been smoothed, but is in its natural state so that there is no risk of Carmella biting the paint.

The stairway gate is fitted with a bolt to prevent Carmella from raising it and crawling underneath. Also, it is 3 ft. 6 in. high to deter adults from attempting to step over it and perhaps falling down the stairs.

The transferable gate is 2 ft. high and surmountable by adults. Miss Peters places it across the open doorway of the room where she happens to be working and shuts doors to keep Carmella to the nursery and corridor.

BERYL REID BUILDS A HATCHWAY

Soon after Beryl Reid, the comedienne, had moved into her cottage in Buckinghamshire, she found that the serving of meals was complicated by the distance between the kitchen and the dining-room.

The problem was solved by making a hatch 16 in. wide and 20 in. high between the rooms.

The first step was to chisel a horizontal slot, right through the wall, above the planned hole and extending 3 in. on both sides of it. This was to take a stout board which would help to support the wall above the hole.

A hole 16 in. by 21 in. was then knocked out under the board, cased internally with wood and the surrounding wall plaster restored. In the kitchen, a sill 1 ft. wide provides a useful place on which to put dishes before they are passed through.

The hatch is closed by a door on the dining-room side. It fits flush with the wall, with a knob to pull it open, and is painted white. "The kitchen side," says Beryl Reid, "is painted red. That reminds me, when in the dining-room, to push the door shut again and shut out the kitchen."

EASY-TO-CLEAN

An hour or two with do-it-yourself materials means a lifetime of labour-saving in the home

Tiles for spotless walls

Plastic tiles are the easiest to fix. The methods of fixing them vary according to the make: some plastic tiles require a separate adhesive, while others merely need to be moistened and stuck on the wall.

Where conventional tiles are concerned, small areas of tiling, such as behind a sink or around a bath, can be tackled by the handyman.

First, decide on the size of tile to be used. Tiles 6 in. square and ¼ in. thick are ideal. Thirty-six of them will cover an area 36¾ in. by 36¾ in.—the ¾ in being due to the ⅛ in. of pointing.

Mark on the wall the area to be tiled and carefully cut away the plaster, using a hammer and chisel. Scrape away loose mortar in joints in the brickwork. Next step is to lay a screed—or layer of mortar—on the brickwork in readiness for fixing the tiles.

Prepare the screed by thoroughly mixing one part of cement, by volume, with three parts of washed sand. Slowly add water to form a thick creamy consistency. The tool for laying the screed is a plasterer's wooden float, but before using it, wet the brickwork with an old brush.

Smear on the screed by starting at the bottom of the area to be tiled and working upwards. Lay the screed to a thickness of about ¼ in., so that when the tiles have been fitted they will stand out from the plaster, as shown in the diagram, and can be framed with rounded-edge tiles.

It is vital that the screed should have a true and flat surface. Therefore, holding horizontally a strip of wood, about 24 in. long, which has a perfectly straight edge, move it vertically down the face of the screed just touching it. Fill in any hollows which become apparent.

Allow the screed to set. Then, with the point of a nail, scratch criss-cross lines to create a surface to which the tiles can grip. Leave the job for at least two days to allow the screed to dry out thoroughly.

Before fixing the tiles, soak them in water for about an hour, and damped the wall. Mix one part of cement with one of sand to a slightly thicker consistency than the screed.

Start by laying the tiles at the bottom and work upwards. "Butter" with a trowel the back of each one to a thickness of about ¼ in. Press the tile gently into position and tap it home, using the handle of the trowel. Wipe off any surplus fixed on the face of the tiles with a damp cloth.

When all the tiles are in position, fill in the cracks between them, using the same mixture for the fixing.

Linoleum—quick and easy

Linoleum is not only easy to clean, it can also be easy to lay. Shops sell it in rolls 6 ft. wide. Decide on the amount to buy by drawing a scale plan of the room. Alternatively, an experienced salesman, given the dimensions of a floor, can advise on the most economical method of laying.

A new concrete floor must be thoroughly dry before it is covered. Lino should never be laid on a damp floor of any kind—and a wooden floor should be prepared for covering by hammering down or removing nail heads. In addition, plane off any sharp projecting edges of the boards.

It is unwise, in view of the possibility of dry rot, to completely cover a wooden floor unless there is adequate under-floor ventilation.

Lino is most pliable in warm temperatures, so in cold weather keep it in a warm room for twenty-four hours before unrolling it.

Lay it so that the joins come at right-angles to the main source of light. They will then be less noticeable.

For a neat finish, slip the edges of the lino under any gaps between the floor and the skirting board. An easy way of ensuring a proper fit in an awkward corner—such as round a door or fireplace—is to cut out a pattern of the corner in brown paper. Paste the pattern on the lino and cut round it with a sharp stiff-bladed knife.

Save time when cutting straight lengths by cutting the face of the lino only half way through its thickness. Bend back the lino so that it splits along the cut. Then sever the hessian backing.

Allowance has to be made for lino to expand slightly after it has been laid. Accordingly, permit the joins to overlap. When the room has been used for about a fortnight and the lino has expanded, use the edge of each upper piece as a quick guide for cutting through the lower piece. When the surplus has been removed from the lower piece, the upper piece will fall into place with a perfect fit.

After lino has finished expanding, use half-inch sprigs—wedge-shaped headless nails—to secure it to a wooden floor. It is not necessary to nail lino all round the edges of a room; a few nails across the doorway and along other exposed joints will suffice to prevent tripping.

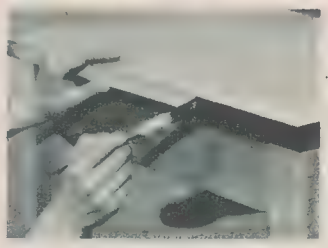
If adhesive is being used instead of nails, allow for the seasonal expansion and contraction of the floorboards by first giving paper felt to the boards and mounting the lino on the felt. When lino is being secured to a cement floor with adhesive, take care to observe the drying time recommended by the adhesive manufacturer.

The safest way of keeping lino clean is to wash it with mild soap or soapless detergents. Strong soaps, soda or washing powders are harmful.

Before freshening lino with lino paint, wipe off all the wax polish with warm soapy water. Apply the paint thinly and evenly, using two coats if necessary. When the paint has dried—this may take a day or two—protect the surface with polish.

Another supplement in John Bull next

FLOORS, TABLES and WALLS



After coating the table top and the plastic panel with adhesive, the panel is "rolled" on to the table, using drawing pins as a guide. The edges are smoothed with a fine-cut file and painted

Fixing a plastic table-top

BUY a plastic panel which overlaps the table by about ⅛ in. all round. Thoroughly clean the table top, leaving it smooth, dry and free from grease. Then completely cover it with a coating of one of the adhesives which are made for the purpose. Spread it quickly, thinly and evenly—some adhesive manufacturers supply spreaders which make this job easier—and coat the back of the panel in the same way. Leave the top and panel for fifteen minutes or so, according to the adhesive manufacturer's instructions, to allow the adhesive to harden.

Now to place the panel on the table. Since the adhesive sticks instantly and will not permit any movement once the bond has been made, the panel has to be "rolled" into place.

The best way to do this is to decide from which edge the panel will be rolled and stick two large drawing pins into that edge, each 1 in. from a corner, so that the rims of their heads project above the surface of the table. Push another two drawing pins into the edges of the table adjoining the first pair of pins, 1 in. from the same two corners.

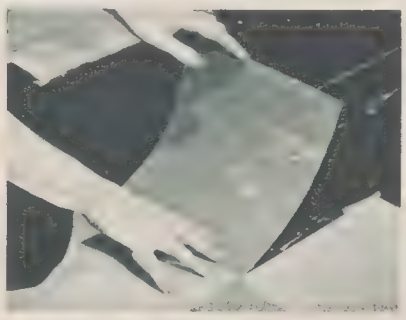
Start to fix the panel to the table by placing one edge of the panel along the edge in which the first pair of pins were inserted. Then, with those pins acting as stops, and the other pair acting as guides, slowly and firmly roll the panel down across the table top, pressing it into position. Finally, press once more all over and along the edges to ensure an even bond.

After leaving the adhesive for about thirty minutes to dry, take out the drawing pins and remove the overhanging edge round the table with a flat, fine-cut file, using quick, downward strokes to obtain a bevel. Smooth any remaining sharp edges with glasspaper. Adhesive which has found its way on the plastic can be rubbed off with fingers when it has dried.

Finish the job by applying matching or contrasting paint round the edges of the table to conceal the join between the wood and the plastic, or screw on specially made alloy strip, which takes a plastic insert to conceal the screw heads.

Using a chalked string to mark the position of the first tiles to lay

Starting from the walls, a quarter of the floor is spread with adhesive



Lay the tiles carefully, wiping off any adhesive that may squeeze through

Laying a tiled floor

RUBBER, plastic and linoleum floor tiles are ideal for laying by the handyman. Each manufacturer issues laying instructions, but some general principles apply to all three types of tiles.

Before starting work, make sure that alterations to the gas, electricity, water and drainage systems which would necessitate taking up the floor will not be required . If the floor is a large one, it might be worth while to have such systems diverted from beneath the floor to avoid the cost and trouble of taking up the tiles and relaying them should a fault occur.

Calculate the number of tiles needed by drawing a plan of the room on squared paper.

The surface on which tiles are laid must be clean, smooth and dry. Fill in cracks and holes in a solid floor; nail down any loose boards, fill in cracks and holes and punch in or remove protruding nails in a wooden floor.

Start laying the tiles from the middle of the room. The position of the all-important first tile can be determined by using a length of string coated with chalk. Stretch the string across the floor between two nails at the centres of two opposite sides of the room. Lift the middle of the string and allow it to snap back across the floor, leaving a chalk mark. Repeat this operation with the string stretched between nails at the centres of the other two walls.

Spread one of the special adhesives for tiles over the chalked lines in bands about 6 in. wide—some adhesive manufacturers sell spreaders for a few pence—and afterwards snap the string again so that the chalked lines are repeated above the adhesive.

Speed the laying of the tiles by spreading adhesive over a quarter, or even half, of the room at a time, starting at the walls and working towards the centre of the room.

Lay the first tile either in one of the corners formed by the intersection of the chalked lines, or, if preferred, in diamond fashion on top of the intersection. Lay the rest of the tiles around it, taking care to avoid pushing up adhesive between the tiles. Any adhesive which gets on the faces of the tiles should be wiped off immediately before it dries.

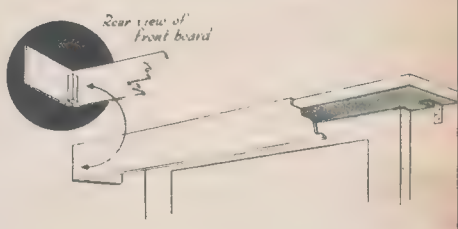
Most probably, tiles will have to be cut to fit gaps between the area of whole tiles and the walls. The easiest way of doing this is to place a loose tile exactly over the laid tile nearest the wall.

Place a third tile on top of the second one and slide it over to touch the wall. A pencil line drawn across the second tile, using as a ruler the third tile's edge which is parallel to the wall—as shown in the photograph—marks out a piece of the second tile which will fit the gap.

A quick and easy way of marking off tiles for the gaps left round the wall

Two simple finishing touches

WINDOW PELMET



BY altering the lengths of the base and front panel pelmets of different widths can be made. When possible allow a pelmet to extend at least 6 in. on both sides of the window to enable the curtains to be opened without obscuring the light.

MATERIALS

For the base on which to hang the pelmet: 1 piece of wood 6 in. × ¾ in., 59½ in. long.

For the front panels: 1 piece of ¼ in. hardboard 6 in. wide, 60 in. long.

For the side panels: 2 pieces of ¼ in. hardboard 6 in. wide, each 6 in. long.

To strengthen the front corners: 2 pieces of wood 1 in. × 1 in., each 4½ in. long.

To support the base: 2 2½ in. metal brackets.

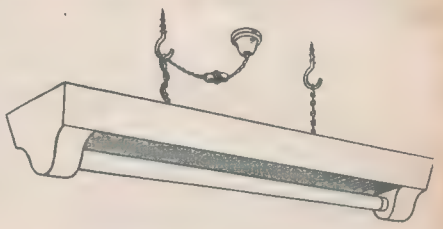
Put up the brackets, one each side of the window frame, so that they give additional support to the base of the pelmet when it is resting along the top of the frame. Fasten the brackets to the wall, screwing 1½ in. screws into wall plugs.

If there are to be curtain rails, etc., fix them to the underside of the base before putting the base across the brackets. Screw the brackets to the underside of the base with ½ in. screws.

Using ¾ in. panel pins, nail on the side panels. Also nail the corner supports to the inner side of the front panel as shown. Then nail on the front panel to the base.

Fill in cracks between the panels with filler. Smooth with glasspaper. Paint or stain.

FLUORESCENT LIGHT



ALTHOUGH it is advisable for a qualified electrician to put up many types of fluorescent lamp fittings, it is possible for the handyman to put up some types without having to alter existing lighting installations.

The method is to buy a fitting designed for suspension on two chains. Ask the retailer to supply it with chains, plus 2 ft. of flex fitted with a plug for insertion into an existing lamp socket.

After taking the precaution of turning off the electricity at the mains, insert two 3 in. screw hooks into a ceiling joist on either side of the light rose, so that the chains will hang down vertically to the fluorescent fitting. To locate the joist, tap the ceiling very lightly with a hammer until a dull sound is heard.

Hang the fitting on the hooks by means of the chains, and plug the flex into the lamp socket. Then switch on the mains—and switch on the lamp.

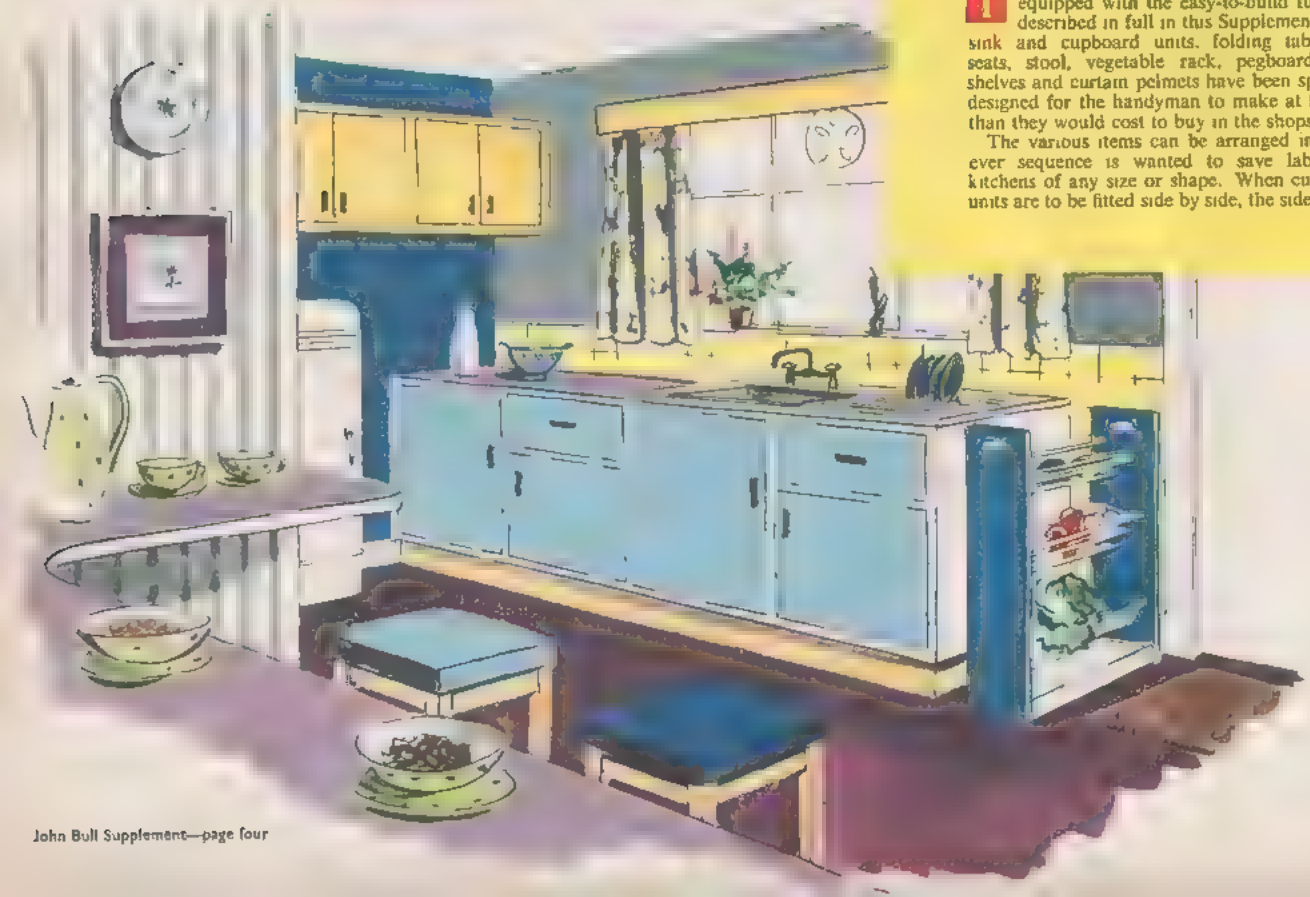
week: warmth and comfort in your home

Make Your Own

IDEAL K

THE four ideal kitchens illustrated here are equipped with the easy-to-build furniture described in full in this Supplement. The sink and cupboard units, folding table and seats, stool, vegetable rack, pegboard rack, shelves and curtain pelmets have been specially designed for the handyman to make at far less than they would cost to buy in the shops.

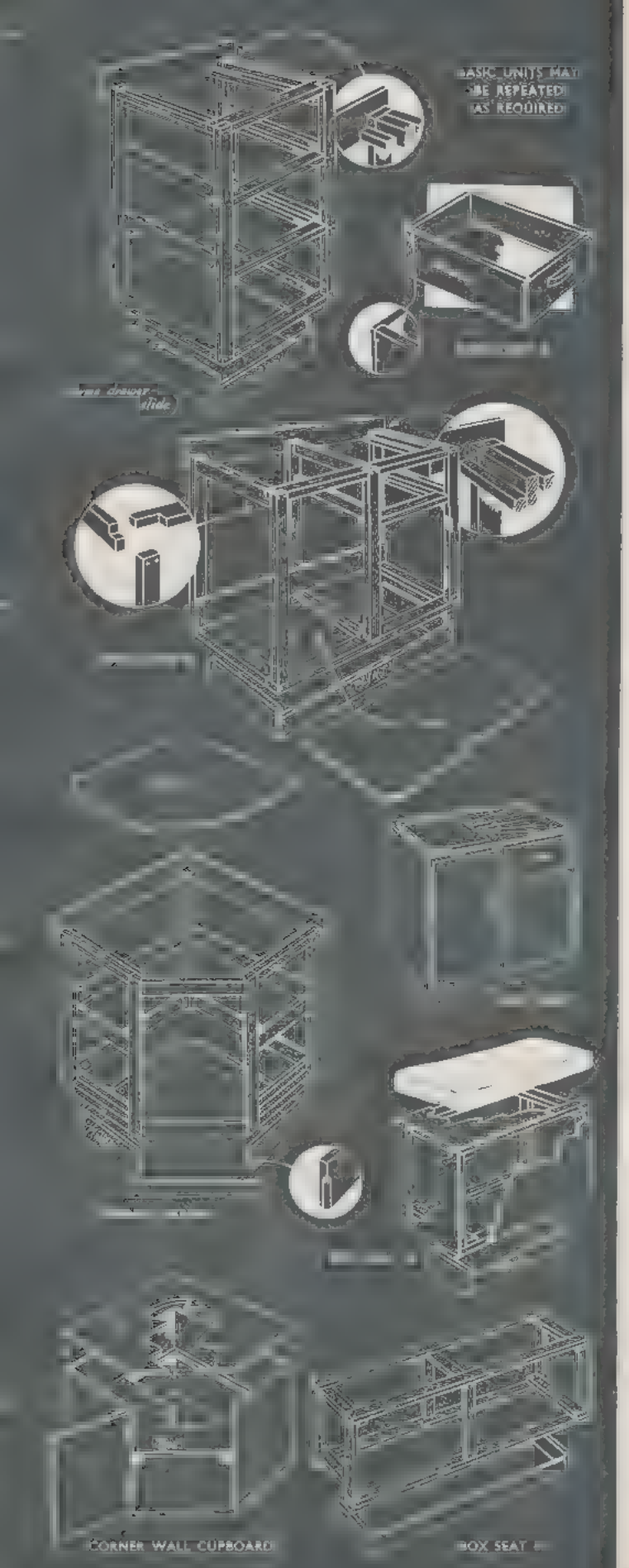
The various items can be arranged in whatever sequence is wanted to save labour in kitchens of any size or shape. When cupboard units are to be fitted side by side, the side panels



TCHEN

be omitted and the tops covered with an
roken stretch of plastic board, as shown in
se four illustrations.
Make sure that the kitchen is properly
tilated and well lit by installing a ventilator
fluorescent lighting—simple jobs which are
explained—and finish off by painting in
erful colours throughout. Warm yellows
russets are good for kitchens which face
th or lack natural light. Cooler colours such
greens and blues are safest in kitchens which
eive a certain amount of sunshine.

EASY-TO-BUILD



THE furniture described here may be regarded as "standard size." Where other sizes are wanted, the measurements of materials needed must be adjusted accordingly

All furniture should be properly finished: fill in cracks and holes with filler, smooth wood with glasspaper, and paint.

BASIC UNIT A

For the frame: 4 pieces, 2 in. × 1 in. 31 in. long (for corner uprights); 4 pieces, 2 × 1, 21 in. long (front crosspieces); 8 pieces, 2 × 1, 19 in. long (side crosspieces); 6 pieces, 1 × 1, 19 in. long (drawer guides); 4 pieces, 1 × 1, 18 in. long (extra supports for side panels); 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 21½ in. long (for top rear crosspiece); 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 21 in. long (lower rear crosspiece).

For the plinth: 2 pieces, 4 × ¾, 19 in. long; 1 piece, 3 × ¾, 21½ in. long

For EACH of the 3 drawers: 2 pieces, 9 × 1, 20 in. long (sides); 1 piece, 9 × 1, 17 in. long (front); 1 piece, 8½ × 1, 17 in. long (back); 2 pieces, ¼ in. grooved fillet, 19 in. long; hardboard 20 in. × 14¼ in. (bottom); handle

For the side panels: 2 pieces ¼ in. hardboard, 31 in. × 21 in

For the top: 1 piece ¾ in. plywood, 20½ × 20½; 1 piece ⅛ in. plastic, 20½ × 20½, 62½ in. of wooden fillet, ½ in. wide and ¼ in. thick

Cut the crosspieces and assemble the frame as shown, using 2-in. screws, countersunk. Make sure that the gaps between the front crosspieces are 9 in. wide to allow for the three drawers.

Nail on the drawer guides and supports for the tops and bottoms of the side panels with 1½-in. headless nails

Screw on the plinth with 1½-in screws, so that the tops of its sides come level with the top of the bottom front crosspiece and will act as guides for the bottom drawer Make each drawer as illustrated, assembling the sides, front and back. Glue in the grooved fillet to take the bottom of the drawer Slide in the bottom last of all

Nail on the side panels of the unit with ½-in. panel pins. Screw on the plywood top with a 1½-in. screw countersunk at each corner, leaving a gap of ¼ in. round the sides and front between the edges of the plywood and the outside edges of the top of the frame. Stick on the plastic top, according to the maker's instructions.

Finish off the top by nailing the wooden fillet round the front and side edges.

BASIC UNIT B

For the frame 3 pieces, 2 × 1 30 in long (front uprights); 3 pieces, 2 × 1, 31 in. long (rear uprights); 2 pieces, 2 × 1 42 in. long (to go along top and bottom of front of frame); 1 piece, 2 × 1, 21 in. long (front crosspiece at bottom of drawer); 8 pieces, 2 × 1, 19 in. long (side and centre crosspieces); 4 pieces, 1 × 1, 19 in. long (drawer guides); 1 piece, 1 × 1, 18 in. long (extra support for top side panel); 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 42½ in. long (top rear crosspiece); 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 42 in. long (lower rear crosspiece).

For the plinth: 2 pieces, 4 × ¾, 19 in. long. 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 42 in. long.

For the drawer As for drawer in Unit A.

For the side panels As for Unit A.

Doors, 1 piece ¼ in. blockboard, 28½ × 19 (large door); 1 piece ¼ in. blockboard, 18½ × 17 (small door); 2 pairs 2 in. brass hinges; handle and catch for each door; 1 piece plywood 4 in. × 2 in. (doorstop).

For the top: 1 piece ¼-in plywood, 41½ × 20½, 1 piece ⅛-in. plastic, 41½ × 20½ 8½ in of wooden fillet, ½ in. wide and ¼ in. thick.

Floor of unit 1 piece of ¼-in hardboard, 42 × 19½.

Cut the angles in the ends of the top and centre crosspieces as for Unit A and assemble the frame as shown, using 2-in. screws. Fix the rear crosspieces last. Nail on the drawer guides and the piece of 1 in. by 1 in. to give extra support to the top of the side panel near the drawer Nail the floor in position with ½-in. nails. Nail on a plywood doorstop behind the front centre upright as illustrated.

Screw on the plinth and make the drawer as for Unit A. Screw on the plywood top, stick on the plastic top and edge round with fillet. Using ½-in. screws, fix on the hinges, doors and catches.

SINK UNIT

The sink and draining board fit round and over a frame which is constructed in the same way as Unit B, except that there is no top and upper rear crosspiece. The plumbing is best left to a professional plumber

CORNER CABINET

For the uprights: 4 pieces, 2 × 1, 31 in. long; 1 piece, 1½ × 1½, 31 in. long.

Top rear crosspieces: 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 36½ in. long, 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 35½ in. long.

Lower rear crosspieces: 4 pieces, 2 × 1, 33½ in. long

Side crosspieces 6 pieces, 2 × 1 21 in. long

Front crosspieces: 2 pieces, 2 × 1, 21 in. long.

For the side panels: 2 pieces ¼-in hardboard, 31 × 21

Extra supports for side panels: 4 pieces, 1 × 1, 19 in. long.

For the plinth: 2 pieces, 4 × ¾, 33½ in. long; 2 pieces, 4 × ¾, 20 in. long; 1 piece, 3 × ¾, 23 in. long

For the door, 1 piece ¼-in. blockboard, 27 × 21; 2 2-in. hinges, door handle and catch.

For the shelves 2 pieces hardboard, each 36 × 36, cut as shown.

For the top: 1 piece ¾-in. plywood, 36 × 36, cut as shown, 1 piece plastic, 35½ × 35½, 62 in. of wooden fillet, ½ in. wide and ¼ in. thick

Assemble the frame as shown, using 2½-in. screws where the rear crosspieces butt on to the rear centre upright, but elsewhere using 2-in. screws, except for the front crosspieces. The side crosspieces on either side of the doorframe are screwed to the uprights from the inside of the frame.

Leave the assembly of the front crosspieces until last. In order to fit them and the door in position, it will be necessary to saw the adjoining uprights down their lengths, as illustrated. Use 1-in. screws, inserted at an angle, to secure the front crosspieces to the uprights

Screw the plinth to the inner sides of the lower crosspieces with 1½-in. screws, so that the frame is raised 3 in from the floor Cut the shelves as shown Fit them inside the frame, where they will be supported by the side crosspieces. Nail them to the crosspieces with 1-in. nails. Nail on the 1 in. by 1 in. extra supports for the side panels as shown. Nail on the panels with ½-in. panel pins. Fix on the door and hinges with ½ in screws. Also fix on the handle and door catch

Cut the plywood top as shown and secure it to the top of the frame with a 1½-in. screw countersunk at each corner Then cut the plastic so that the front edges of it are ¼ in. inside the front edges of the plywood. Glue the plastic to the plywood, and cover front edges with fillet.

BOX SEAT A

For the frame. 4 pieces of 2 × 1, 42½ in. long; 4 pieces, 2 × 1, 21 in long, 4 pieces, 2 × 1, 11½ in long

For the plinth: 2 pieces, 5 × ¾ 7½ in. long; 2 pieces, 4 × ¾, 13½ in long.

For the top: 1 piece, ¼-in. hardboard, 21½ × 12.

For the long side panels, 2 pieces, ¼-in. hardboard, 21½ × 14½.

For the end panels, 2 pieces, ¼-in. hardboard, 14½ × 11½.

Using 2-in. screws, assemble the

KITCHEN FURNITURE

frame as shown. Assemble the plinth with 1½-in. screws as shown, and use 1½-in. screws to screw it to the frame so that the top edges of the plinth come level with the top edges of the frame's lower crosspieces. Nail the panels to the frame with ¾-in. panel pins. Upholster if desired.

BOX SEAT B

For the frame: 6 pieces, 2 × 1, 12¾ in. long; 4 pieces, 2 × 1, 42 in. long; 4 pieces, 3 × 1, 11½ in. long; 1 piece, 2 × 1, 9½ in. long (middle upper crosspiece).

For the plinth: 2 pieces, 5 × ¾, 7½ in. long; 2 pieces, 4 × ¾, 34½ in. long.

For the top: 1 piece, ¼-in. hardboard, 42½ × 12.

For the long side panels: 2 pieces, ¼-in. hardboard, 42½ × 14¾.

For the end panels: 2 pieces, ¼-in. hardboard, 14¾ × 11½.

Construct similarly to Seat A, except that there are middle uprights and a middle crosspiece which should be assembled as shown.

CORNER WALL CUPBOARD

For the top and bottom: 2 pieces, ¾-in. blockboard, 24 × 24.

For the rear side panels: 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 23¾ × 14½; 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 22½ × 14½.

For the front side panels: 2 pieces, ¾-in. blockboard, 14½ × 12.

For the shelf: 1 piece, 1 × 1, 22½ in. long; 1 piece, 1 × 1, 21½ in. long; 2 pieces, 1 × 1, 10½ in. long; 1 piece, ¼-in. hardboard, 22½ × 22½.

For the door: 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 17 × 14½; 2 1½-in. hinges; handle; door catch.

Using 1½-in. screws, fasten the shelf battens to the inner sides of the side panels. Then, with 1½-in. screws, countersunk, assemble the side panels. Saw the front edge of each of the front side panels down its height, as shown, in order to receive the door.

Cut out the top and bottom panels and shelf. Screw on the bottom with 1½-in. screws countersunk. Insert the shelf and secure it to battens with ½-in. nails. Screw on the top with 1½-in. screws. Fix on the hinges, door, handle and catch. Put up the cupboard by means of 2½-in. screws through the rear side panels into wooden plugs let into the wall.

WALL CUPBOARD

For the frame: 1 piece, 3 × 1, 42 in. long (top rear crosspiece), 3 pieces, 1 × 1, 42 in. long; 6 pieces, 1 × 1, 13½ in. long (uprights); 9 pieces, 1 × 1, 9¾ in. long (crosspieces).

For the top and underside: 2 pieces, ¼-in. hardboard, 42½ × 12.

For the back: 1 piece, ¼-in. hardboard, 42½ × 15¼.

For the side panels: 2 pieces, ¼-in. hardboard, 15¼ × 11¾.

For the inner bottom: 1 piece, ¼-in. hardboard, 42 × 11¾.

For the shelf: 1 piece, ¼-in. hardboard, 42 × 10¾.

For the doors: 4 pieces, ¾-in. blockboard, 13¼ × 9¾; 8 1½-in. hinges; 4 door handles; 4 door catches.

To put up the cupboard: 2 2½-in. brackets.

Cut recesses in the top rear crosspiece to take side pieces and screw on the brackets with ½-in. screws. Cut out the hardboard pieces for the inner bottom and shelf as shown.

Assemble the frame with 2-in. screws. Start by putting together the base and the uprights. Then fit the inner bottom in position, using ½-in. nails. Follow by fitting in the crosspieces on which the shelf will rest. Secure them with 2-in. screws driven through the supports. Fit in the shelf, securing it to the crosspieces with ½-in. nails. Finally, screw on the top of the frame.

Nail on the top, base, rear and side panels with ½-in. panel pins. Fix on the hinges, doors, handles and catches. Fix the cupboard to the wall by means of 2-in. screws through the holes in the brackets and then right through the hardboard back into wooden plugs let into the wall.

STOOL

For the legs: 4 pieces, 1½ × 1½, 30 in. long.

For crosspieces under seat: 4 pieces, 3 × 1½, 5 in. long.

Other crosspieces: 4 pieces, 1½ × 1, 5 in. long.

For the seat: 1 piece, ¾ in. plywood, 10 × 10.

For making dowel joints: 32 in. of ¼-in. diameter dowelling.

Assemble the legs and crosspieces with glued dowel joints as shown in the diagram, taking care that one opposite pair of lower crosspieces is 7 in. from the ground, and the other is 12 in. from the ground. The easiest way to assemble the frame is to glue the legs and crosspieces in pairs. Then fix the pairs together.

Smooth the edges of the seat with glasspaper. With a 2-in. screw countersunk at each corner, secure it to the tops of the frame overlapping by 1 in. all round.

SHELF UNIT

For the sides: 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 31 × 21; 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 31 × 20¼.

For the shelves: 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 20¼ × 20½ (bottom shelf); 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 20¼ × 19½ (centre shelf).

For the centre upright: 1 piece, 2 × 1, 30¼ in. long.

For the plinth: 2 pieces, 3 × ¾, each 20 in. long; 2 pieces, 3 × ¾, each 18½ in. long.

For the rear crosspiece: 1 piece, 4 × ¾, 21 in. long.

For the top: 1 piece, ¾-in. plywood, 20¾ × 20¾; 1 piece, plastic, 20¾ × 20¾; 62½ in. of wooden fillet, ¾ in. wide and ¼ in. thick.

Assemble the plinth as shown, using 1½-in. screws. Screw the base on to the plinth with 1½-in. screws. Also using 1½-in. screws, screw the sides together and to the base. Screw the centre shelf to the sides, 15 in. above the bottom shelf. Screw the base of the centre upright to the bottom shelf in the position shown and glue the centre shelf into the recess cut in the upright.

Screw on the plywood top with 1½-in. screws countersunk. Glue on the plastic top, and edge round with the fillet. Screw on the rear crosspiece with 1½-in. screws.

WALL SHELF UNIT

For the side panels: 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 14½ × 12; 1 piece, ¾-in. blockboard, 14½ × 11½.

For the top and base: 2 pieces, ¾-in. blockboard, 12 × 12.

For the shelf: 1 piece ¾-in. blockboard, 11½ × 10¾.

For the centre upright: 1 piece of wood 1½ × 1, 14½ in. long.

The wall shelf unit is constructed in a similar manner to the ordinary shelf unit, but omitting the plinth and the rear crosspiece.

FOLDING TABLE

For the back support: 1 piece 6 × ¾, 48 in. long; 1 piece 3 × ¾, 48 in. long; 2 gate-type hinges, 14 in. long; 2 hinged brackets, 10 in. long.

For the table top: 1 piece plastic-topped blockboard, 48 × 24.

Screw the 6-in. wide back support to the wall inserting a 2½-in. screw through each corner. The top edge should be 30½ in. above the floor. Using ½-in. screws, screw the hinges and hinged brackets along the support as shown. Also using ½-in. screws, screw the table to the hinges. With 1½-in. screws, screw on the 3-in. wide top of the support.

VEGETABLE RACK

For the sides: 2 pieces, ¾-in. blockboard, each 35 × 9.

For the crosspieces: 15 dowel rods, ¾ in. diameter, 21 in. long.

For the tray: 2 pieces, 2 × 1, 8¾ in. long (ends); 1 piece hardboard, 9 × 19¾ (base); 2 pieces hardboard, 2 × 19¾ (sides).

Cut the carrying handles in the side uprights by drilling eight ¾-in. diameter holes in a semicircle and using a coping saw to get a smooth curve at the top and bottom of each handle.

Drill the holes for the dowel rods, using a ¾-in. drill. Place the pieces of blockboard on top of each other and drill through both of them together to ensure that the holes in one will correspond exactly with the holes in the other. Assemble the rack by gluing the ends of the dowel rods into the uprights. Make the dust-catching tray which fits underneath the rack by nailing the base to the ends with ½-in. nails, and nailing on the sides with ½-in. panel pins.

SHELF FOR BACK OF DOOR

For the base: 1 piece, ¾-in. wood, 15 × 4.

For the sides: 2 pieces, ¾-in. wood, 5 × 4.

For the front: hardboard, 16½ × 5.

To fix the shelf: pair of 2-in. mirror plates.

Screw the sides to the base with 1½-in. screws countersunk. Cut a decorative curve in the hardboard, using a coping saw, so that the centre of the front is only 2½ in. wide. Attach the front to the base and sides with ¾-in. panel pins.

Screw a mirror plate about 1 in. from the top of each shelf at the back, using ¾-in. screws. Then put up the shelf by screwing the mirror plates to the back of the door, using screws as long as the thickness of the door permits.

LARDER SHELF

For the shelf: 3 pieces, 6 × ¾, 24 in. long.

For the battens: 2 pieces, 2 × 1, 18 in. long.

Fix the battens horizontally to the opposing walls as shown, using for each batten three 2½-in. screws screwed into wooden plugs. Place the three pieces of wood 6 in. wide across the battens to form a shelf 18 in. wide. Secure the shelf by using 1¼-in. screws, countersunk, two at each end of each piece, driven vertically into the battens.

CORNER SHELF

For the shelf: 1 piece, 6 × ¾, 24 in. long.

For the support: 1 piece, 6 × ¾, 6 in. long.

For the battens: 1 piece, 2 × 1, 6 in. long; 1 piece, 2 × 1, 5 in. long.

Cut a hole 4 in. in diameter about 4 in. from one end of the shelf (this is optional: it is for use as a plant pot holder).

Make a support for the end of the shelf farthest from the hole by screwing the 6-in. batten horizontally to the wall. Fix the small batten vertically to the wall as shown, using two 2-in. screws screwed into wooden plugs.

Cut a decorative curve in the support as illustrated. Screw the support to the small batten, using three 1¼-in. screws.

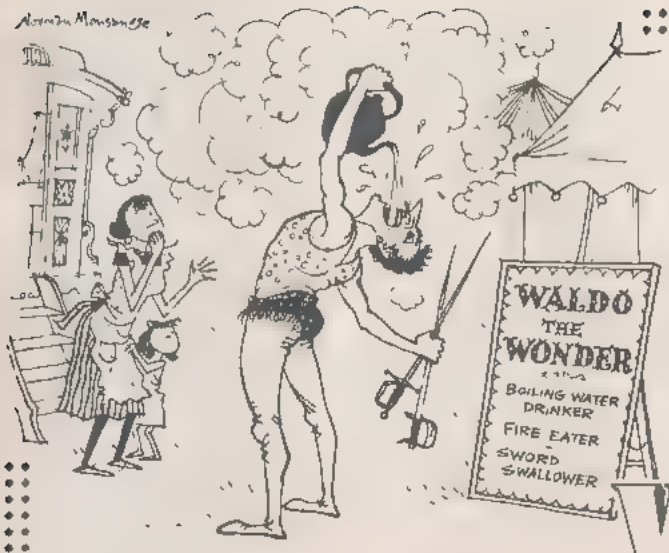
Then secure the shelf by screws through the shelf into the top of the 6-in. batten, and along the top of the support.

PEGBOARD RACK

2 pieces, 1¼ × 1½, 12 in. long; 2 pieces, 1¼ × 1½, 21 in. long; 1 piece, pegboard, 12 × 24; 1 special pegboard-type hook for each utensil to be hung on the rack.

Assemble the frame as shown, using a 2½-in. screw at each corner. Drill two holes in each of the sides of the frame and fix the frame to the wall by means of 2½-in. screws driven into wooden plugs and countersunk.

Nail the pegboard over the frame with ½-in. panel pins. Insert hooks into the pegboard where required.



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Airy Amorist

by CLIVE BURNLEY

her wild companion wasn't the least bit worried. He even had the nerve to propose!

IN 1900, when nice girls never had astonishing adventures, Eleanour Cottle had a most extraordinary one. She was carried off through the air at about six miles an hour across the breadth of England. It was not a matter of a witch's broomstick but a bubble of coal gas from the town supply of Boxley. What made the journey even more damaging to her reputation was the fact that she did not make it alone.

In those days the aristocrats of the broad acres had not yet been trundled off to their doom in genteel paper tumbrils made from Inland Revenue publications, and when the son of a landed lord came of age there was apt to be fiesta at the Big House, as there was indeed that year at Boxley Castle, with loyal addresses, tenants' dinners, races for the children, fireworks, dancing; and, most spectacular of all, *aerostation*.

Beside the ornamental water, in which that day, mirrored faithfully upside down, were clearly visible the ivy-clad turrets of Boxley, the big bubble stood, gaudy with alternate red and buff gores of silk and glittering in the apt August sun, attended always by the lank and crag-browed Rotzinker, the balloonist.

There, at least, it stood when not being veered on its stout manilla cable two hundred feet in the air, taking each time its load of three or four palpitating people who, after a decent interval, would be hauled down again by two lusty ploughmen at a hand winch.

How it was that Eleanour Cottle and Jack Frampton came to go up alone together was not clear. Both, as distant relations of the fêted heir, had spent some of their earlier years at Boxley. Eleanour had already been up three times that day and started off without any fears whatever. Uncle Jack Frampton—who was no uncle at all, but had acquired the title in nursery days when ten years' age difference is decisive—was perfectly cool; he had a reputation for personal calm and conversation.

Eleanour felt by this time an accomplished aeronaut and looked with an experienced eye at the roofs of Boxley, the lawns, the lakes, the avenues and coverts, diminishing beneath her. But this time she noticed a difference; these things were not only diminishing, they were also sliding away rapidly to the right. The parasol-dotted lawns slid past, the roofs of the castle, the stables, the walled garden, the lime walk, the groves of the deer park, the River Box, green with cress, the Home Farm. . . .

"Jack!" she cried. "I do believe we're loose. The rope must have snapped."

"Eh?" said Jack, who had been brooding over the far horizons instead of looking underfoot. "Upon my soul, so it has!"

It was true. There was no stout cable linking the frail wicker basket in which they stood with the ploughmen's winch. The great coloured gasbag, free and irresponsible, was sailing away north-east at a steady pace, gaining height every second.

"Well, now," said Jack, fingering the tip of his moustache with a languid gesture, "here's adventure."

"We'll go too high and suffocate," cried Eleanour, "or get blown to Russia or explode. Do something, Jack!"

"Why, certainly, Nell," Jack said. He leaned over the edge of the basket, cupped his hands and called to the roofs of Cravock St. Peter: "I say! Down there below!"

Nell made a scornful sound.

"My dear girl," Jack protested. "What *can* I do?"

"Make it come down again, of course," she told him. "Let some gas out—that's the way to do it."

"Oh, yes," he agreed. "I know the principle of the thing—I've been up before, you know. Now if I pull either of these ropes here, I shall let gas out and we'll come down. If I pull one of them it opens the valve at the top of the gasbag, just the slightest bit, and down we come very, very gently. But the other one's the rip-cord and if I pull that I tear the envelope wide open, all the gas goes out, *zoof*!—and we go down like cannon balls and kill ourselves."

"Well, pull the right one."

"To tell you the shameful truth," Jack said, looking up lugubriously, "I've forgotten which is which."

Eleanour gave a cry of exasperation and stamped her foot, forgetting on how frail a footing they were. The basket bucked and swayed, creaking alarmingly, and she clung to its rim. The farmlands slid steadily past below them: golden fields with the

Continued on page 44

One of the richest women in Borneo is Lallang. Her wealth comes from birds' nests, which are used for making soup

BORNEO PEOPLE (3) by MALCOLM MACDONALD

I meet the jungle's dollar princess

Lallang ruled a fabulous empire—the biggest long-house in Sarawak and a turbulent head-hunting people. Now they were suddenly rich, and breaking all records for riotous living

ASTONISHING news arrived from Sarawak's Baleh River. It came without warning and seemed as inexplicable as it was surprising. First I heard that Temonggong Koh and Penghulus Jugah, Sibat and Jinggut, with more than a dozen other leading Iban head-hunters had been baptized as Christians by Burr Baughman, a Methodist missionary at Kapit.

I got the news at my home in Singapore in a characteristic message from Jugah. I was then British Commissioner-General in South East Asia. A few days before Christmas Jugah sent me a telegram saying "Merry Christmas. I am a Christian now. Love from Penghulu Jugah."

I was dumbfounded, and felt a mixture of pleasure and concern. The mass conversion of such an impressive group of Iban leaders was a triumph for Baughman, but it seemed impossible that it was authentic. Probably Jugah, Sibat, Jinggut and two or three others had some comprehension of what Christianity meant, but I doubted both the understanding and the sincerity of the rest.

As for Koh, paramount chief of the local Ibans, he was far too old and set in ideas to adopt a profound new faith. Presumably, he had been talked into this sudden change by some of the younger men, who perhaps thought it politically opportune and spiritually harmless.

I discovered afterwards that Baughman himself shared these doubts. He referred the matter to his Methodist superiors in Singapore, who approved the baptisms. So, at an historic service at Kapit, Temonggong Koh and an array of distinguished ex-pagans were received into the Church.

As I anticipated, this remarkable event did not produce any change in Koh's outlook in material, intellectual or spiritual matters.

Some time earlier he had invited me to attend a great Hornbill Ceremony, one of the rarest of all traditional pagan celebrations. It was to mark the final stage on this earth of his intimate personal association with the Iban gods. It did not strike him that there was any contradiction between such solemn heathen rites and his recent profession of Christianity.

I promised to visit Koh after the harvest in 1951, so the Hornbill Ceremony was fixed. Then more unexpected news arrived from the Baleh. Bini Koh, the temonggong's wife, died. The old

Siah, daughter of Penghulu Jugah, shows MacDonald her seven-months-old son. Already he could crawl across the long-house floor

At an Iban feast, Penghuli Jugah receives a glass of tuak. A few days before Christmas he sent a greetings telegram to MacDonald, which said: "Merry Christmas. I am a Christian now"

Kayan women have their ears pierced, and stretched into loops. They also tattoo their limbs

chief's house was plunged in mourning. Various funerary taboos had to be observed, and sorrow forbade jollification.

Only a few weeks afterwards, I was surprised by a third piece of remarkable intelligence from the Balleh. Koh had married again.

Reports about Segura, Koh's youngest daughter, were conflicting. Some alleged that she had left school to settle comfortably again in her home. Others declared that the situation between her and her relatives was strained, and that her spirit was rebellious.

Fearing difficulties between old Koh and his impetuous daughter, I sent him a message urging understanding and sympathy. Another message to her advised calmness, sweetness and prudence with him. From both I received replies that they would heed my advice, and each begged me to come and see them soon.

I needed no persuasion. I felt it my duty to pay filial respects to Koh's bride, my new "mother," now that the Ibans had declared me their "son."

Near the end of January, Koh sent me word that it was imperative for the Hornbill celebration to be held before the paddy crop ripened, that all his other guests were invited, that the occasion would be a fiasco without me, and that I should join them in his house the following week. Hastily I readjusted a programme of engagements in Singapore, and obeyed the summons.

First I flew to Kuching, and picked up the Governor, Sir Anthony Abell. From Sibu we went by motor-launch up the Rejang. On the way we saw many changes. In Sibu, spick and span buildings were the first fruits of a grand new town-plan: in Kanowit, a street of imposing cement shops arose amidst the decaying remnants of the wood and attap bazaar; at Song, the settlement's original, precipitous site had been abandoned, and a modern Song was being created on flat ground on the opposite side of the river: and in Kapit, immense developments were taking place.

The old bazaar, with its earthen road and ramshackle timber shop-houses, had been replaced by a handsome new shopping centre worthy of any modern town. Its wide roadway was hard surfaced, flanked with stone pavements and dignified by an occasional lamp-post; its buildings were large concrete structures with spacious rooms and an air of smart prosperity. Modern government offices, a pleasant new church and a massive warehouse completed the impression of a flourishing young settlement.

When we arrived in Temonggong Koh's home our reception was as vociferous as ever. Koh and his three daughters waited to greet us. Iba and Mindun wore their customary attire, but Segura was completely different. Her powdered face was paler than the rest, her hair was set in Western style, and she wore a white blouse and smartly tailored green skirt. At a distance she looked like some beautiful English miss.

Koh introduced me to his latest bride, my new "mother." The girl was said to be in her twenty-eighth year. Her face was pleasant, and she made no pretence of being anything but an untutored Iban woman. Except for her colourfully woven skirt she was naked. Her limbs were strong and smooth, and her breasts hung large like melons. Her name was Mantai, but Koh never referred to her as anything but "*bini bahru*," which simply means "new wife."

While preparations went ahead for the big ceremony, I tried to find out the truth about Segura since her return from school. She had been coolly received. Her conduct with her Chinese lover at Kapit was well known and condemned as deplorable. Her relations with her father were bad, other Ibans ostracized her.

Providentially, Koh's affection for his erring child slowly reasserted itself. Soon he spoke occasional kind words to her. She, for her part, got bored with inactivity, and so helped in the housework. Yet she never resumed completely her rightful place in the house as the chief's youngest, best-loved daughter.

At eighty-one, Koh thought that he might not live much longer. So he organized a feast to celebrate his impending death

We intended only some mild frolics that evening, and then an early retreat to bed. But those good resolutions got broken. We started the Western nursery games which were now a regular part of our ritual, playing hunt the slipper and other light-hearted sports until two o'clock in the morning.

Segura joined in with a gloriously carefree spirit. She seemed to be the happy Segura of old. I wondered whether the truth could be that she was fully aware of her father's plan for her marriage, that she approved his choice of a bridegroom, and that her gaiety was the expression of a girl head over heels in love.

The frolics ended and we dispersed to our sleeping quarters. As soon as my head touched the pillow I fell asleep. Some unconscious communication must have wakened me later, for, looking up, I saw that someone was erecting a blanket screen round my bed. On the screen was the silhouette of a girl. When she turned round, I recognized Segura.

I coughed to attract her attention. She appeared to hesitate and listen. When I whispered her name, Segura slipped round the curtain. Barefooted and half undressed, she must have been preparing for bed.

Segura glanced furtively backwards into the room to make sure its other occupants were not watching, then knelt beside me. She smiled and at once began to speak in low, eager tones. Her words poured forth in a torrent, but I could not understand them. She looked disappointed and bewildered, then started to speak again, this time more slowly. Her manner was extremely earnest, she was trying to explain something. I cursed my folly for not learning her language during the last few years so that she and I could talk together.

Her efforts were in vain. I could not understand a word of what she said. Segura grinned at me, stretched out a hand and touched mine in comradeship, then rose silently. . . .

At six that morning we were awakened by the booming of a gong. When I went down to the river for a swim the earth was still half hidden in darkness. Mists hung over the jungley hills, and wisps of their grey vapour dipped and swept the water's surface.

After breakfast we made our final preparations for the great ceremony. When the time came I donned pagan vestments: a helmet of hornbill's feathers on my head, a war-cloak of monkey's fur over my back, a parang with hair tasselled scabbard round my waist, and a freshly

MacDonald and his wife, Audrey, outside their Singapore home. Together they visited Lallang and her fiery head-hunters

sharpened spear in my hand. Thus accoutred, I plunged my spear through the neck of a gigantic sacrificial pig lying at my feet.

One curious ceremony followed another in quick succession. Sometimes half a dozen different strange actions were being performed by various troupes of actors at the same moment. It was all delightfully diverting, but hopelessly confusing.

I could not stay longer than the first six or seven hours, and so did not witness the later, most significant features of this rare revel, which distinguished it from all others. At its climax suitable salutations were made to fantastic effigies of hornbills which graced the tops of the highest ceremonial masts.

We took our fond farewells. The boat started at once to speed down-stream, and I waved to my friends until they and their waving hands were lost to view. . .

News of the final dramatic episode of Segura's life reached me by letter a few weeks later. It seemed that Koh had indeed resolved to marry her to an Iban schoolmaster, but that she had not consented to the plan. She did not know the young man at all, and strongly objected. She fled from the long-house and eloped with someone else.

So that was the project which she had wished to confide to me, and on which she hoped to get my advice in the middle of the night.

Creeping from her father's house one midnight, she and her lover stole a *prahu* and paddled swiftly up-river to Koh's farm. There they lived together for more than five consecutive days and nights, the period which by Iban custom on the Baleh constitutes legal union, making a pair man and wife. Segura believed that by this bold stratagem she had successfully thwarted her parent; and now she set herself to enjoy her romantic honeymoon.

Old Koh was not so easily deflected from his purpose. He flew into a rage and ordered a crew of his followers to chase her.

Jugah led the expedition and the fugitives were brought back to Koh's house. Segura's husband was removed elsewhere, and disappeared from her life. The union was declared null.

A few days later Segura was married to the Iban schoolmaster with all the solemn rites of the pagan faith.

Now that she was married to a man of her father's choice, would she, I wondered, live happily ever after. . . ?

My tale of travels in Borneo moves to another fascinating group of people—the Melanaus. They are a small community forming a link between the primitive men up-river and the more modern populations along the coast. The journey from Kuching to Mukah, the principal township of their territory, takes nearly twenty-four hours. In roadless Sarawak the route lies wholly by water.

A feature distinguishing many Melanaus from the up-river pagans and the coastal Malays is that they are sago eaters rather than rice eaters. It is almost unbelievable that they should remain content with a fare so indescribably dull. Their menu consists, every day and at every meal, of undiluted sago.

This food does not appear to do the Melanaus any harm. Like all the natives of Borneo, they attain only medium height, but the men are well made and the women are so attractive that it might be worth while for some beauty experts to research the cause of their sweet looks.

During a stay in Mukah I inspected the process of preparing sago, which grows on the sago-palm. Orchards of them, called sago gardens, cover wide areas of the Melanau country.

Sago lies packed inside the palm trunks, somewhat like marrow inside a bone. When the trees mature they are felled, stripped of their rough coating, sawn into sections and shipped down-river to kampongs where the food is extracted. This last part of the work is performed in thousands of individual homes.

To make my expedition up the Tilban I boarded a *prahu*. Wooden ladders descended from each house to the water, where canoes were moored. A constant traffic of small craft passed up and down stream. Bathing parties were frequent. Men, women and children descended the steps for a cooling dip, the Tilban was not only their street, but also their bathroom.

I have seldom made a more fascinating journey. I visited two houses to watch the processes through which raw sago passes before it is ready for human consumption. One family was engaged in the preparatory work of its extraction from a palm-tree. The master of the household, his wife and a pair of children were doing different stages of the job.

In one part of their workroom lay a small heap of sawn sago logs. The man would select one, swing a hatchet and split it lengthwise. The sago appeared as countless small particles in the fibrous wood. The man rubbed the sliced log vigorously with a metal scraper, until a pile of "sawdust" had collected on the floor.

This was taken into the other half of the room, where there was a split-bamboo platform raised over the river. On it lay a loose-woven straw mat with a fine mesh which made it, in effect, a sieve. The heap of sawdust was unloaded on the mat; then the woman stepped on it and with bare feet spread it thinly.

She began shuffling all over the mat, sometimes dragging her feet, sometimes stamping them and sometimes kicking them—just as in some countries grapes are trodden. And just as the juice squirted from the fruit, so now the grains of sago were squeezed from their fibre.

Three or four feet below flowed the Tilban, but before the sago grains reached it they had to pass another test. Between the floor and the stream hung, hammock fashion, a sheet of veil-like material, usually a mosquito-net. Its mesh was finer than that of the mat above, and it acted as an extra sieve to divide the grain from the dross. Only pure sago overcame this final obstacle and reached a receptacle waiting below.

This was a wooden trough moored in the river. It was half filled with water to give the food a thorough cleansing before it was packed in baskets, and taken to the bakehouse.

Melanaus are related in type and culture to the Kayans who, in Sarawak, live chiefly up the Baram River, the second largest waterway.

Early one morning I drove from Miri, the capital of Sarawak's Fourth Division, to Kuala Baram, a rustic group of huts beside the sea at the mouth of the great river.

With four companions I was to embark on a launch at Kuala Baram and journey far up-river, our ultimate destination being a notable Kayan house called Long Laput, 130 miles from the coast. There we would pay our respects to a famous Kayan lady, Lallang, who many years earlier had made history by becoming the first woman head of a long-house.

We passed through the mountainous region near Long Lama. It is a paradise for swifts. Tens of thousands of them haunt the caverns, plastering the walls and ceilings with small, thin, cup-like nests. When soaked in water and judiciously cooked, the nests make a pleasant, stringy, jelly-like soup.

Some inventive Chinese chef discovered this generations ago, and ever since the caves in the Orient where these swifts breed have been little better than soup factories.

The best soup is made from nests so newly built that no eggs have been laid in them at all—and the sensitive palates of Chinese gourmets quickly detect any falling away from this ideal. Therefore, the proper moment for gathering a nest for culinary purposes is immediately after it has been made.

This would present the cave-owners, traders and consumers with a dilemma, if the swifts behaved as birds in temperate climates do. Anyone stealing a nest before it had performed its natural duty would risk discouraging the prospective parents.

Fortunately the birds make a series of nests for a succession of families.

The harvesting of nests is done by native

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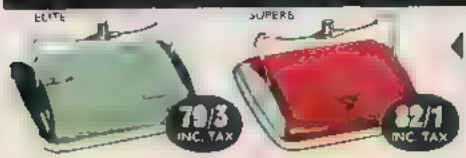

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employees of the cave-owners. It is always a skilled and sometimes a dangerous job. The collectors are so cunning and nimble that they take every nest, inaccessible as it might be. They seem able to climb a wall as easily as a fly, with a carefree dash which would make a steeplejack's hair stand on end.

The principal cave-owner on the Baram was the high-born Kayan lady whom we were about to visit, Lallang. No one could rival her in the possession of nests and wealth. Because of her rank and riches, European government officers sometimes called her "The Dollar Princess."

We arrived at Long Laput as dusk fell. The Kayan house stretched for an astonishing distance along the river bank. Its claim to distinction rested on more than its association with far-famed Lallang, for it was a great place in its own right. Indeed, it was the largest house, the longest long-house, in the country. It had ninety apartments, each accommodating a family and in them lived about six hundred men, women and children.

The tremendous timber building stretched continuously for more than a quarter of a mile along the river bank, curving gradually with the bend of the river.

We stood within the broad and high open gallery of the building, and three women approached us. One was small and elderly, and walked several paces ahead of the others. Though her clothes seemed dirty and her feet were bare, I was struck by her proud carriage. It was Lallang.

She was an aristocrat of impeccable lineage, a noble of undiluted blue blood. By all accounts she used to be a woman of conspicuous physical fitness, but that afternoon she appeared thin, frail and ill. Yet illness could not dim the glow of personality in her face.

She cracked jokes with my companions, and seemed inclined to treat everything as a jest. She looked worldly-wise, but also understanding and sympathetic in a deeper way. Nevertheless, I would not have put wickedness past her, and certainly not naughtiness.

She introduced us to her attendants, two girls in their late teens. They were comely maids, if a trifle plump.

Each wore a coquettish hat like a coronet perched at a gay angle. One was of leopard-cat's fur with a cockade of jungle grass, and the other of beads as finely patterned as *petit point* needlework, with a bouquet of kingfisher's feathers. A smart Parisian hatter could not have designed creations more fetching.

Both girls also wore long coloured sarongs falling sheer to the ankles. Their costumes were embellished by two forms of bodily adornment. First, the girls ear-lobes were pierced and stretched until they drooped in long fleshy loops. In each hung seven or eight thick brass ear-rings.

This seemed to me a frightful mutilation, but in the eyes of Kayan men it is a supremely lovely touch. The longer a woman's ears and the more rings she can carry in them, the greater is her reputation for beauty. The ear lobes of Lallang's companions rested on their bare shoulders. Lallang too, had this disfigurement, but her loops were unadorned, for sickness had left her so weak that she could no longer bear the weight of ornaments.

The girls were tattooed on their arms in blue-black pattern extending like mittens from the elbows to the fingers; on their legs a similar design appeared like stockings.

Our introductions over, Lallang invited us to her room, a spacious apartment with a high raftered roof and a general air of well-being. We squatted with Lallang on the floor and she sent for *burak* and tobacco.

The *burak* circulated and we drank to Lallang's health, wishing her a speedy recovery. She rolled cigarettes for us with dried banana leaf.

She spoke of the harsh times that the natives suffered during the Japanese occupation, and of their trust in the government of white men. "Without you we don't know what to do," she reiterated. "Tell us what we shall do."

A group of natives crouching in the background nodded approval.

As the party broke up that night, and I was wishing her sweet dreams, she said that she would like to make me a gift. As she handed a bulky parcel, to me she apologized for the contents' insignificance but when I unpacked it I found inside a valuable collection of her delicious edible birds' nests.

Next day we left early and returned down river. "We're ignorant savages," said Lallang as she bade me farewell. "We need your help. Don't forget us. Come and see us again."

I promised that I would do so. . . . I did not forget my promise, and returned fifteen months later. This time my wife Audrey, came with me filled with curiosity to meet the "Dollar Princess."

As we went up-river, Morgan, the young district officer, complained bitterly that the people of the long-house were now rolling—literally rolling—in money. This wealthy community, instead of setting an example of decorous conduct, had broken all records for depravity; it was a hell hole of riotous living. Their orgies sometimes reach astonishing proportions.

Unfortunately Lallang's influence was not exerted wisely. She was a great pagan of the old school. Her thoughts were cramped and confined within the narrow limits of ancient, conservative beliefs. Her force was a spent force.

At Long Laput, Lallang and her teeming household thronged the river bank to give us an enthusiastic welcome. The princess seemed in about the same state of health as in the previous year, neither frailer nor more robust. She was happy that Audrey had come to see her, and made much of this unusual phenomenon—a white woman—in a long-house.

On our visits to various rooms in the house, Audrey quickly acquired the art of accepting readily in theory invitations to imbibe a continuous flow of drink. In practice she resisted pressure to implement her promise. After a first glassful she took little more. Whenever a brimming tumbler was passed to her she smiled devastatingly, seized it in both hands, dipped her lips a fraction of a centimetre into its brew, and then handed it back with a gesture of deep gratitude. Thus she survived unscathed the gay tribulation of Long Laput hospitality.

Usually the amount of refreshment thrust upon a visitor in an evening was moderate. Early that afternoon at Long Laput, however, when dusk had not yet fallen and the party had hardly begun, I realized that my endurance was to be tried to the extreme.

The supply of *burak* in every room was more plentiful than I had ever known, and the determination of the natives to dispense it liberally seemed equally unbounded.

When we had finished our round of primitive cocktail parties, we returned to Lallang's room for dinner. Ample dishes of rice and a plump chicken were set before us, and we paid the Kayan chef the compliment of demolishing them all.

Lallang was enchanted by Audrey's charm and intrigued by her beauty. Audrey liked Lallang immensely; but she confided to me in a whisper that she feared lest some of the other rougher-looking natives nursed a secret desire to take our heads.

Dancing followed dinner, and it was midnight before the succession of native dancers completed their acts. As they performed and the sense of a happy occasion grew, the temper of the assembly became even merrier. The challenging yells of dancers betrayed a slightly hilarious note, the watchful silence of the spectators was now and then broken by an intemperate call, and the grunts and handclaps which hailed a skilful artist grew steadily louder and less restrained.

A few weak brethren passed beyond the stage of sober comment and expressed their feelings in wild, incoherent ejaculations. They were borne away to the muffled obscurity of their rooms.

It became evident, though, that Kayan authority had sent word round the house that undue exuberance should not occur that night. Lallang and her lieutenants knew that we strongly disapproved of intoxication. Nevertheless the party grew first noisy, then excitable and finally jubilant. Not till the small hours did the revels cease.

On the dais built as a couch for the principal guests in Lallang's apartment a vast mattress was spread for Audrey and me. Covered by its white canopy of mosquito-netting, it looked in the dim room like a ghost of the Great Bed of Ware. We crept within it to rest.

Exhausted by the party, Audrey soon fell asleep, but I could not follow suit. For the last hour I had been feeling extraordinarily ill. Pains of distressing sharpness now afflicted my interior, and they began to increase in viciousness at a galloping pace.

In my agony I wanted to writhe and cry aloud. It felt as if clumsy surgeons with blunt knives and no anaesthetic were cutting me to pieces. I even wondered whether my last hour had come, and kept repeating to myself, *The tortures of the damned must be like this.* For my torment seemed too terrible to be produced merely by pints of undiluted *burak*.

At last I could bear my anguish no longer. As stealthily as possible I crawled through the mosquito-net.

Audrey woke and asked me what I was doing. I replied that I was going outside and would return soon.

Running on tip-toe through the room, I fled down the back stairs into a rough orchard of banana and coconut trees, where I hoped that I could not be heard. I flung myself on the ground, writhing and groaning horribly.

The duodenal attack passed. After half an hour I picked myself up and returned to the house.

As I reached the foot of the steps I was startled by a spectre. Dimly I saw a white-robed figure descend the stairs. Then the ghost whispered to me in Audrey's voice.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

When I answered she responded with a cry of delight, as if she had not expected to see me alive. Increasingly concerned at my long absence, she had jumped to an awful conclusion—that some native had caught me defenceless and gleefully severed my head.

Next day we returned down-river. Our minds were filled with grateful memories of Lallang's and her people's hospitality, yet also with gloomy forebodings about their future. It was plain that they lived solely for today with no thought of the morrow.

Only a few weeks later Lallang died, and went to join her ancestors in whatever Elysian long-house they occupy in the next world.

More than two years passed before I could accept the offer of Tama Weng Ajang, the most notable Kenyah chieftain, of hospitality at his home at Long Akar, and travel again along the Baram.

The river wound ceaselessly ahead of us, filled high above its normal brim with a swift, strong current. We were travelling beyond the foothills into the true highlands. Three days after the start of our journey we rounded a bend, saw the river widen ahead, and spied on a distant promontory the white fort at Long Akar.

When we came to land, Tama Weng Ajang stood there to greet us. He was now Temonggong Tama Weng Ajang, having been elevated to the rank of temonggong a year earlier, thus sharing with the illustrious Iban, Koh, the distinction of the highest native title in the government's gift.

He appeared as portly, chubby and benevolent as ever. In the brief twilight which precedes the tropical night we arrived at his house. Alongside it stood rows of Kenyah nobles marshalled to give us friendly greeting. I was astonished at the neat Western clothing of the men and the beautiful modern dresses of the women.

I had expected to see a degree of sophistication in Tama Weng's household, but not to meet a company of people clad as smartly as a well-groomed party in Singapore.

I sensed a remarkable spirit animating Tama Weng's household. The community possessed an *esprit de corps*

ART and ARTISTS—I

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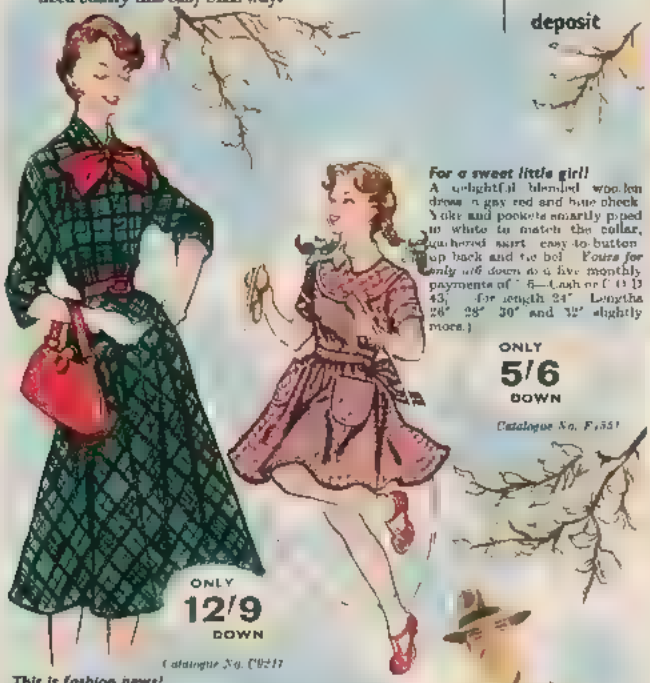

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P 2a

"And here is the shipping forecast for the next twenty-four hours"

which I had not previously met in any long-house. They seemed conscious that they were a significant people, a progressive society, a band of pioneers achieving some historic purpose.

How different was all this from the careless, aimless, soulless atmosphere of the other great houses at Long Laput!

We squatted on stools in the living-room and were served with cups of tea and plates of sweet biscuits, as we might have been in an English drawing-room. Members of Tama Weng's family gathered round us.

Afterwards we went for a dip in the river, changed our clothes and returned indoors for the evening's entertainment. We had been promised a celebration worthy of the occasion.

First we sat on the floor, engaged in political discussion. Tama Weng squatted in our centre, his solid mass of flesh planted cross-legged on a mat in the attitude of the Buddha. His strong, imperturbable personality dominated the room.

Afterwards a feast of boiled rice and roast pork was spread before us. We partook of it heartily, and then the evening's more light-hearted business began.

The girls advanced towards us masculine spectators. Each chose a victim and invited him to be her partner in a round dance. An enchanting damsel named Bungan dutifully selected me and I needed no prompting.

Some of my companions were more reluctant, but quickly learned that resistance was not permitted. Like regimental sergeants-major in a brigade of Amazons, the women descended upon them, seized them by both arms and pulled them to their feet.

We formed a large single-file circle composed of perhaps two dozen people, alternately male and female, and began to progress with jaunty gait round the room. The natives chanted a lilting tune with the rhythm of a marching song. As the merriment increased several girls took off their hats and sat them on the heads of their male partners, while the men put their feathered helmets on the crowns of their favourite females. The scene assumed a carnival air.

The communal mob dance continued for the better part of an hour. Various capers followed. Among others we visitors were invited to entertain our hosts. For my party-piece I walked across the room on my hands.

Later came the sternest and most convivial test of all. It was a drinking competition. Against a pillar stood a vast jar with an ample belly filled with *burak*, and into it dipped a long, hollow piece of rattan to act as a drinking-straw.

Beside the straw, on the wine's surface, floated a contrivance which registered when one inch or two inches, or any other desired measure, of the liquid had been sucked through the cane. Our hosts and hostesses decreed that each of us should imbibe a couple of inches of the jar's contents.

They were utterly unscrupulous in the methods which they employed to accomplish their purpose. First a pair of the prettiest young women would take a visitor gently by the hands, and draw him, with every mark of kind solicitude towards the formidable jar.

Confidently, he would put his lips to the rattan and start sucking at the liquor. After a while his powers of imbibement began to flag, and he would try to disengage himself. Sweet female voices would then tell him that his task was not yet finished, and that he should persevere a little longer.

Painfully aware that he had drunk more than enough *burak* for comfort, he would grow impatient and heave his shoulders or stretch his arms in an effort to break loose. But his captors would not release him until he had done full penance.

THE next day, while our boats were being loaded for the return journey, I went to inspect the local Catholic mission school.

The priest, Father Bruggermann, and an assistant greeted me and led me into the class. At rough desks sat an assortment of about sixty boys and girls. As we entered they rose and stood at attention, like a squad of young military recruits. They ranged from seven to twenty years old, and I noticed several who had remained awake and lively throughout our revels of the previous night. They looked surprisingly bright-eyed.

Unfortunately I could not stay long. When I told Father Bruggermann that I must leave, he said that the children wished to send me away with a song. I could scarcely believe my ears as they sang,

Royal Charlie's now awa'
Safely owre the friendly main
Mony a heart will break in twa'
Should he ne'er come back again.

Their diction was excellent, their Scots accents dubious and their voices as tuneful as a carillon of little bells. Through the two whole verses of the famed lament they remained word-perfect, and they smiled at me as they sang. Then they chanted:

Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be
And will you no come back again?

My heart seemed to turn over. I thought of the kindness of these missionaries and the children making their gentle plea, and I resolved to obey their request and return one day.

We went back to Tama Weng's house to say farewell to its inmates. All the natives seemed disappointed at the ending of our companionship.

A bevy of young women was posted

near the exit from the dwelling, to be the last to bid us good-bye. Dressed in their most dazzling finery, they smiled at us kindly, with no trace of that rough, mischievous trait which had shown in their characters the previous night. Apparently they were in angelic mood.

As I took the outstretched hand of the first girl, to say "*tabeh*," her eyes gleamed sweetly at me, and her fingers pressed mine with, I thought, friendly significance. Then she raised her other hand and boldly stroked my cheeks. Flattered, yet just a trifle perplexed, I passed to the next girl, who clasped me gladly with one hand, and then endearingly stroked my forehead with the other. Several girls broke into peals of laughter.

Drawing my fingers across my cheeks to see what was amiss, I saw, when I withdrew them, that they were covered with black grime. Then I comprehended the awful truth. The damsels were playing a practical joke on us. They had covered their hands with grease then rubbed them on the sooty bottoms of cooking-pots, and now, as a gesture of farewell, were transferring the mixture to our faces.

Our friends all burst into laughter. None of us had escaped, we all appeared like little semi-nigger boys.

On the river bank we said our final adieux. As I sat in my boat, waiting for the crew to complete preparations for departure, I stretched my hands over the vessel's side, cupped them in the river and lifted some water to my face to start washing away the dirt. When next I dipped my hands into the river I playfully flicked my fingers and sent a few splashes darting in their direction.

That was, of course, an incredibly foolish thing to do. I should have known better. With shouts of joyful belligerency two of the girls leaped into the river and started to hurl great showers of water into the boat.

A tremendous nautical engagement developed. Soaked to the skins, with their long hair clinging to their lovely faces and floating round their trim figures, the girls appeared like outraged mermaids. That was my final impression of the toughest belles whom it has been my fortune to meet.

In February, 1953, I travelled again up the Rejang—this time to say farewell to my friends there.

From Song we proceeded to Kapit, and next morning left in long-boats to visit Penghulu Jugah's house.

When we arrived we received a tumultuous welcome from the chief and his people. Our old friends were in good health and gay spirits, and some congenial new acquaintances had arrived on the scene. Siah, Jugah's daughter, introduced me to her son John, a youngster of seven months old. She was a proud and happy mother, as well she might be for he was a lively laughing infant who could already crawl astonishing distances over the long-house floor.

JUGAH himself was flourishing, and told me of his expanding commercial concerns. He was now engaged in the wholesale business of selling rubber for native smallholders as well as in the retail trade in consumer goods in his shops at Kapit and another town.

Temenggong Koh and other head-hunter chiefs also owned stores in Kapit or elsewhere. Some were under direct Iban management, others were rented to Chinese, and all contributed to the economic advancement of the chiefs and their households. The ambitious Ibans were on the march.

From Jugah's house we continued up the Balleh to Koh's home. The Temenggong and his family waited at the water's edge to receive us.

"*Tabeh anak!*" the old man called across the water to me, just as an American father might cry, "Hi, son!"

At the august age of eighty-one he was easily the senior native on the Rejang in years as well as in rank and honours. He looked remarkably hale.

The fact was that he was almost incredibly tough. One afternoon a group of us sat talking in the gallery. He lolled in a wicker chair, puffing a cigarette and reminiscing about ancient days in Sarawak. Suddenly his seat tipped too far back, and he crashed to the floor. His head hit the ground with an alarming thud. But a grinning Koh picked himself up, rolled a new cigarette, lit it and resumed the conversation.

The second day of my stay was a Sunday, but it was not celebrated by a church service. Instead the Temonggong organized a heathen ceremony, a *begawai*. With its series of propitiations of the spirits, precautions against interference by bobgoblins, oft-reiterated songs and a confusing jumble of superstitious ballyhoo, it seemed to me identical with all the ritual that I had witnessed before Koh, his family and followers were solemnly baptized.

As usual, the ceremonial lasted all day with a short break after lunch. Then the jollifications commenced again. There was a special reason why on this occasion the final act of celebration should become a unique marathon.

Everyone realized that Koh might not remain with us long on this earth. His migration to another world could occur at any minute. His household was conscious of his impending departure, and spoke with sad resignation of its inevitability. Koh himself awaited the event with calm philosophy, his thoughts now dwelling as much on his future in the next world as on his present in this one.

He believed that this *begawai* was probably his last; and much of it was, therefore, designed as an act of supplication to the pagan gods to ensure that his reception by them should be cordial.

As the twilight shadows deepened through the house, pagan worthies gathered for their astonishing feat of piety and endurance. Forty men assembled in a group in the gallery, then divided into a dozen different parties. The leader of each was an elder practised in the arts of heathen voodoo, and other members were mostly youths who had volunteered for these especially sacred rites. They were dressed, or undressed, in traditional workaday native fashion, with an occasional bizarre headgear to lend a touch of magnificence to their otherwise austere garb. Many carried long wooden staves like wands of office in their hands, some of them crowned with clusters of small bells.

The parties distributed themselves along the whole length of the gallery. An interested crowd of natives watched their mustering, and women brought drinks to fortify the performers for their ordeal. Darkness had now fallen, and only a few hurricane lamps spaced along the rafters illumined the chamber's gloom.

Suddenly the leading medicine man struck his stave with a heavy thud upon the floor and raised his voice in wailing. His moan turned gradually into a chant. For a few moments he sang alone his deep bass echoing along the house and his stave beating the ground with thumping blows which gave rhythm to his tune.

Then all the leaders lifted their voices in unison repeating exactly his words and harmony and striking the floor with their wands. The bells on the staves tinkled at every blow.

At that all the troupes of pagan priests and acolytes began to move. With slow, mournful tread they marched along the gallery, their steps keeping time with the beats of the staves. As each band reached the end of the gallery it wheeled and retraced its steps all the way to the opposite end of the house, then turned once more and repeated the journey.

All night the marching and countermarching, the solo incantations and choral responses, the stave-thumping and bell-tinkling continued, perpetually, monotonously, religiously. How the men could endure the test I do not know. Their limbs seemed as lively and their singing as lusty when dawn broke as they had been when dusk fell the night before.

Prominent in the company was the author, the *raison d'être* of these goings-on, Koh himself. He never closed an eye or went to rest, but sat upright in a chair, puffing cigarettes and observing with a detached air the lively ceremony held in honour of his impending death.

I looked with particular interest on Segura's husband, Seggei, and was able to talk easily with him, for his command of English was quite good. An unassuming, studious young man with an attractive somewhat refined face, he was a product of down-river Iban society. Physically less robust but intellectually more advanced than the jungle natives with whom he now lived, he seemed to that extent rather out of place among them.

His qualities were wholly at Segura's service. He was a devoted, thoughtful husband, possibly a little mystified by her impetuous, emotional temperament, so different from his own, but adapting himself prudently to many of her whims so that their partnership might be tranquil and happy.

Nor did she seem dissatisfied. When she had greeted me on my arrival her smile expressed not only the welcome of a warm friend but the calm of a contented woman. I gained an impression that, after all the romantic thrills and uncertainties of earlier episodes in her life, she had accepted with relief a state of matrimonial security.

HER beauty was still evident, but had suffered a change which shocked me. She was thin, a mere shadow of her earlier self. I learned then for the first time that she had been very ill when her baby was born—a daughter, Daisy, now six months old. And Segura was only just recovering her strength.

She was much occupied with maternal duties. In the long-house community she also fulfilled all her obligations as a daughter of the chief, the wife of an important person and a sister with the other women.

She had settled back completely into life in an up-river Iban home, bearing her share of all the feminine activities, toiling hard at innumerable domestic tasks, and taking part in any fun that was afoot.

The fact that she was no longer alone in wearing modern dress made a great difference to her ease. She had ceased to be an individual apart, a freak, almost an alien in the household. Once more she assumed her rightful place among her own people.

Some months later she, Seggei and Daisy came to stay with me for two weeks in Singapore, Segura to see a doctor about her illness, Seggei to visit the book stores and buy some primers for his school and Daisy because neither of them would leave their precious child behind.

After her visit Segura returned to the Balleh armed with bottles of physic and fortified by the hope which they gave her. She also took the latest model of a sewing-machine to help in the making of Daisy's dresses.

So Segura's story was not to end in tragedy after all. The comedy, the pleasantness and the happiness of life had returned to her, combined with the deeper seriousness which attaches to all young human beings as they mature and assume the responsibilities of manhood or womanhood. It did not seem only six years since I first set eyes on her as a small girl in savage nakedness performing the pagan rite of a primitive people.

THE END

"Borneo People" by Malcolm MacDonald will be published as a book in December by Jonathan Cape at 12s 6d.

MY SISTER Elizabeth

WE were three fun loving good-looking sisters, and were quite famous among the young men of Lincolnshire, where we lived. One day we decided to play a joke on some well-known cricketers my elder brother was bringing home.

My sister Elizabeth dressed up in frumpy clothes and blacked her front tooth, and we all made ourselves as unattractive as possible. We had a riotous half hour in which Elizabeth's future acting ability showed itself brilliantly. The poor young men must have thought they had come to the wrong house.

Elizabeth who was the youngest in the family, was always called "Buster" because she could not pronounce her own name properly. She called herself "Elix-Buss" and from the second syllable grew "Buster."

She was a wonderful mimic and this sometimes got her into trouble. My father was a doctor, and once she was helping to wrap up medicine bottles for him in the dispensary when she thought I had walked into the room. "Sit down," she growled, in perfect imitation of father's voice. But it was a patient who had come in, and he rather resented being ordered about by a ten-year-old. He sat down, however, just the same.

Elizabeth was rather a delicate child, and suffered a good deal from illness. When the cartilages in her knees slipped she had to wear cages of leather and steel for a year to support her legs.

At the age of eleven she was picking up the local Lincolnshire accent too well, so my parents decided to send her away to boarding school and arranged special elocution lessons for her. The lessons fired her with histrionic ambition and the next we knew was that her teacher had written saying that she thought Elizabeth had real dramatic talent and wanted to go on the stage.

This horrified my parents, who hurried off to the school to argue with my sister and her sympathetic teachers. My father was very angry and insisted that she should at least take her school certificate and matriculation. It was eventually agreed that she should become an elocution teacher and not an actress.

When finally Elizabeth applied for a scholarship to the Old Vic, Dame Lilian Baylis's first question was "Have you passed matriculation?" So Father had been right after all. And Elizabeth won the scholarship.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 42

How white should your loaf be?

Continued from page 17

them with synthetic ones? And why did the millers deliberately break the flour order of 1953 by lowering the extraction rate of National flour below the required eighty per cent?

Ernest Whitelock, a miller for thirty-three years and now technical manager of Spiller's mills in south-east England, said bluntly, "You can't determine an extraction rate."

In between demonstrating the highly complicated processes of modern milling at Spiller's new mill in Silvertown, he explained why. "Most of our grists are made up of American hard winter wheat, Manitoba wheat, or Australian wheat, with some English added. All our flour has to have a moisture content of fourteen per cent. But an Australian wheat may only have a moisture content of nine per cent. So we have to add moisture.

"An English wheat may have a moisture content of sixteen or seventeen per cent. In that case we have to dry it out." Adding or subtracting five per cent of moisture can make a considerable difference to an extraction rate based on the bulk of uncleaned wheat as it enters the mill.

Flour can be milled in a roller mill by two methods: "straight-run" or "divides." In straight-run milling, the grist goes through in one stream, and twenty per cent of bran is taken out to leave an eighty per cent flour. In milling by "divides," the stream of flour is separated during the various stages of breaking open the wheat and is run through in perhaps twelve different streams.

The top streams, A, B, C and D, provide the whitest flours, about thirty-five per cent of the total extraction. The bottom streams, L and M, are the darkest and richest in vitamin content. The wheat germ, which contains a high proportion of the vitamins, does not start to be reduced to flour until it reaches the J stream. Under this process, after part of the top streams have been sold off as white flour, the streams are mixed at the end of the run to produce National flour. The extraction is then gauged by measuring the colour.

WHITELOCK points out that lowering the extraction rate does not mean raising the millers' profits. "We sell flour at about £41 a ton. Offals only fetch about £27 a ton. So the higher the extraction rate the more value we get out of our wheat. But the bakers demand whiter flour, and if we don't meet the demands of the bakers we go out of business."

The bakers in turn argue that the public demands white bread, so they must supply it. Richard Cannon, who is trade adviser to the Allied Bakeries chain, says: "There are only two tests the public make on bread—the squeeze test to see if it's fresh, and a look at the colour of it." Cannon also points out that there are certain technical advantages in white flour for the baker. "It has what bakers call more 'tolerance,' which makes it easier to handle. The quality, too, of white flour is less variable. It reacts more consistently when baked."

This last point in favour of white flour is much more important as bakeries become more mechanized. For the big bakers, who now sell almost eighty per cent of their bread already sliced and wrapped by machine, it is essential that the flour reacts the same way when mixed, and turns out loaves of a standard size.

But the crux of the bakers' demands for white flour is this: as the standard of living rises, the sale of bread, because of the competition of other foodstuffs, tends to drop. And they are convinced that the whiter the bread, the more of it they will be able to sell. Cannon wryly repeated the heart-cry of one of his fellow bakers: "If the standard of living continues to rise, the only bread we'll be able to sell will be brown bread for them all to eat their smoked salmon off."

The lowering of the extraction rates is not supported by all the millers. Cyril Allinson, who heads the wholewheat milling firm founded by his doctor father fifty years ago, supports high extraction rates. He is at pains to assert that he is no crank about wholewheat bread. "I am a vegetarian," he says, "but I do also smoke and take a drink." A spry and fit-looking sixty Allinson is a good advertisement for his diet: only five years ago he made the arduous climb up the Matterhorn.

He criticizes the McCance-Widdowson experiment for being too short. "No one knows the long-term effects of eating white flour—the effects on longevity or health in old age." To be valid, he suggests, the experiment, like animal experiments, should be carried over two or three generations, but he admits the practical difficulties.

His own theory, which he puts as opinion based on observation rather than scientific fact, is that modern roller milling, by removing many of the B-vitamins, is responsible for the high incidence of nervous diseases. "Moreover," he adds, "wholemealers don't get ulcers."

When the trade representatives gave their evidence before the Cohen panel they naturally cited the McCance-Widdowson experiment as the main evidence that the difference between enriched white flour and National flour did not matter. But the medical profession still would not accept it.

Although the Medical Research Council sponsored the experiment, it came down firmly on the side of the eighty per cent extraction loaf. It argued that since bread provides one-third of the total calories on a national average, the eighty per cent loaf made it virtually certain that the nation got enough vitamins, especially of the lesser-known ones like pyridoxine, pantothenic acid, biotin and folic acid, which were not being artificially replaced.

They put forward the theory that vitamin deficiencies may not result in actual symptoms of disease, but could be disguised under a general lowering of physical efficiency, consequently, it was better to err on the side of safety. Lastly, they suggested that the McCance-Widdowson experiment on undernourished German children was an extreme example, not valid for the British nation as a whole, and that the experiment was suspect because the B, content of the seventy per cent flour used was higher than it should be.

But Dr Thomas Moran, who supervised the milling of the flours for the experiment, does not agree. Moran worked with the late Sir Jack Drummond on wartime diet problems and is now head of the milling industry's Cereals Research Station at St. Albans. There he has been responsible for a great deal of the work on analysing the wheat berry and proving in what parts of it the various nutrients lie. He has also shown that in the branny parts of wheat, besides vitamins, there are some harmful substances. And he is sceptical of the fears of government scientists.

"Man does not live by bread alone," he quoted and pointed out that all vitamins are available in other foods besides bread. Moreover, no one knew exactly what quantities of vitamins were necessary because most of them were also synthesized in the body. He said: "Even before the war a true case of vitamin deficiency was almost unknown in this country—and I've had no scientific evidence whatever of anyone suffering from one."

Ultimately the Cohen panel disregarded the evidence of the government scientists and pronounced in favour of the trade: it saw no difference between National flour and enriched seventy per cent. But it did believe, in spite of the McCance-Widdowson evidence, that there was a significant difference between enriched seventy per cent and unenriched. McCance deplores what he calls "the panel's lack of courage in its own convictions" by not coming down and saying that, in a balanced diet, there was nothing to choose between any kind of bread.

The effect of the Cohen Panel's recommendation will almost certainly be that the British people will once again eat white bread. National flour will be milled if there is any demand for it but, from next week, when the government subsidy for National flour ends, the millers and bakers expect that the pale grey loaf will become just a pale grey memory. THE END

"Give him a box of bricks and you wouldn't know he was there"

ART and ARTISTS—2

Great art is an instant arrested in eternity

James Honeker

Lonesome

Continued from page 19

chilled into autumn, Lonesome grew a powerful, lean body to match his long head, and his eyes turned from blue to grey and then to that clear amber I shall always remember. They were a hunter's eyes, fierce and hypnotic.

He would come at my whistle, but that was the only thing I was able to teach him. Most dogs learn with food but food was always a desperate business with Lonesome, despite its abundance, and his discomfort was evident if anyone stayed near him when he was fed. He put up with Carl and was devoted to Bea, who gave him a lot of petting, but I think the feeling he had for me was the closest to love that a wild thing can feel: and I, in turn, made him a substitute for all the love I had felt and never known.

By November of that year Lonesome was as big as a shepherd dog, with great feet and a fast-thickening winter ruff at his jowls. I built him a dog house of epic proportions and a variety of materials, which he completely ignored, except to lie in the lee of it when the wind was in the north. The restraining chain wore a path in the wolf's neck for as the months passed and somehow it had a shameful look to me.

ONE winter night he howled for the first time, and the sound was lonely, a desolate, frightening thing that made me sit up in bed with goose-flesh pimpling my arms. I think I was aware, then, that the wolf was undergoing some timeless change in which I wasn't included, and the full meaning of what I had done in bringing him home began to come to me in all its enormity.

That year, the last year of high school, began however, to effect changes in my own life that overshadowed Lonesome for a while. Late and with difficulty, I began to grow up. I met a girl and began to attend social gatherings. I slicked my hair down and bought my first suit, and my steel traps began to rust where they hung in the barn. I had too much to do to keep them set.

I began to take a real interest in the world which went on outside the quiet farm and to study seriously. A great loneliness in my soul was being pushed away and the warmth of human companionship the knowledge that people liked me began to crack the shell I had built about myself in childhood.

I still kept a corner of myself for Lonesome though. I am sure that he got me through the difficult time of my changing years. Into him I poured all the feeling I had for the wild things, the companions of my childhood. He was the recipient of my secret thoughts, my friend who for a little time helped me bridge the gap between self-sufficiency and self-love.

He absorbed my wildness. Only before Lonesome could I pour out my innermost thoughts about my dead parents and the world they had left me in, and, once told, those thoughts had hurt and worried me no longer, and I could think of other things.

During that last school year, Lonesome and I would go each morning for a run in the fields. He was nearly grown now, with a rug-thick pelt and

MY SISTER ELIZABETH

See page 41

Elizabeth Allan, film and TV actress, is the famous sister of Mrs. Peggie Pepper

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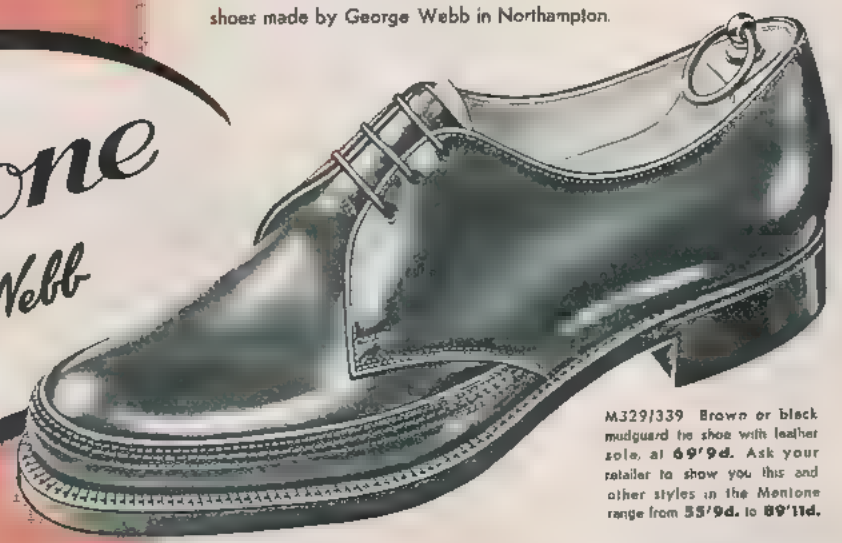

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incredible muscles. Lean and darkly feathered, his legs lifted him in effortless jumps of ten feet or more when he ran, and when he started a rabbit I would release the chain and let him catch it, to keep my arm from being wrenched out of joint.

I don't think that either of us ever knew more joyful times than those early-morning runs when the snow lay smooth and bright and the cold air carried our breath in clouds.

I left school and made my application to the university for courses preparatory to a degree in wildlife.

It was a good summer that year. The corn sprouted, thickened and shot towards the sky and the sun ripened it, and the bob-white called from the multiflora hedge in the evenings as I brought the cows down to milk in the barn. The summer grew old, and the corn leaves rustled dryly in the August wind.

There was, of course, only one thing that dimmed my anticipation for college—Lonesome. There was no real affection in the wolf's heart for anyone but me.

Bea promised that she would care for Lonesome, but I knew in my heart that no one would or could care for him as I had, for they weren't me, and his days would be a listless eternity of waiting, chained to a dusty post, for the bright hours of my vacations. I knew, now, that I had done a selfish and thoughtless thing in keeping him. I had robbed him of what was his and given him only a handicap in return and the terrible chain of ownership.

Then, at last, I saw what I would have to do, and for the first time in weeks I felt at ease with myself. For Lonesome, freedom would probably mean death, for I had taken his only protection from him. He had known only humans, and wouldn't know that he must fear them. But death is sometimes a small thing, and wild things live with it always. Lonesome had died a little, like everything that lives, every day he existed.

That evening in my life is very clear to me now, and I recall every moment of it—the smell of blooming althaea in the yard and the lilting monotony of a whip-poor-will from somewhere, the cool breeze that whispered in the orchard as I went out to the wolf's enclosure.

The smell of fresh-cut hay drifted from the meadow, and over on the hill an owl took silent, breathless flight to look for mice in the windrows. The moon rose, tremendous and yellow, flooding the warm hills with its light, and the fireflies flashed against the dark shadows of the woods.

I unsnapped Lonesome's chain and let him lead me from the yard. We followed the silver curve of the meadow, the wolf hunting erratically, moving boldlike to catch a mouse, listening to sounds I couldn't hear while I waited.

We moved on and entered the woods, where tendrils of moonlight and shadow lay entangled on the forest floor and the sweet odours of moss and fern permeated the night. We walked for miles. Lonesome eager and excited at this new hunting, investigated every new smell. We walked until there were no sounds of the farm except the chirping crickets.

I WAS almost surprised to find myself climbing the ragged ridge of Troublesome Hollow, I had lost all track of time or distance in the magic of that summer night. We stopped, Lonesome and I, on a pine-strewn crest and listened to the quiet woodland spring that trickled somewhere below us. I sat down, and the wolf turned to look at me, his nose twitching in a silent analysis of the night scents.

I don't know how long I sat there. I scratched the wolf's jowls and ran my hand over his lean muzzle and between his eyes, feeling the wildness, the life spirit, pulsing beneath my hand.

I think I talked to him a long time, and I'm sure he listened, for he looked at me the whole time.

"I borrowed you, Lonesome, and I needed you," I said finally, "and if I've done wrong, at least I loved you." I unsnapped his chain.

I waited, leaning against the fragrant bole of the tall pine long after he had gone; and then without willing my voice to speak, I heard myself say "Goodbye, Lonesome."

In my mind I could see the wolf, head turned back, his amber eyes questioning, and then I thought I heard a short, plaintive whine, almost like the whimper I had heard the day I found the dark bundle of wildness under the cedar tree, and then silence.

I walked home slowly, and never once did I look back. THE END

The airy amorist

Continued from page 33

stooks of harvest drawn-up in soldier-like rows, velvet meadows, here and there the pattern of the plough on reddish soil. The towers of Boxley were already hidden behind the trees that crowded the blue distance.

But Jack did not look at this, he kept his irritatingly cool grey eye upon his companion, whose knuckles were white where she gripped the basket.

"Come now, Nell," he said. "It isn't hopeless. When we get down—and balloons always do come down somewhere or other, in the end, we can take legal proceedings against Herr Rotzinker for gross negligence. Or I dare say you could get your dashing Captain Crookes—how that young man dashes!—to horsewhup him."

"I'm sure he would," she answered, "if I asked him to. But don't refer to Teddy in that tone, if you please."

Jack smiled and waved his hand at a fairground in Mallaby Upabott, which happened to be exactly beneath him at that moment. "Well, the fellow is dashing," he said. "Whatever Captain Crookes may lack, it isn't what one might call animal spirits. I personally feel that a few human ones would be preferable, but——"

"Oh, for goodness sake!" cried Eleanour, almost forgetting not to stamp her foot. "This isn't the time for such nonsense. What can we do?"

"My dear Eleanour," Jack said, "take courage. By this time there'll be wild scenes of mobilization at Boxley Castle. I expect young Boxley himself and a dozen more are riding after us at a furious gallop at this moment. When they catch up with us, they'll bring us down with buckshot, or send a rope up by carrier pigeon, or something of the sort."

"Even in a situation like this you can't be serious. How can you find it amusing?"

"Not amusing," Jack answered. "Entrancing, perhaps. Do you realize how still the air is, how calm? That's because we're part of the wind; we move with it, at the same pace, so to us there is no wind. Just utter tranquility—we drift along without a puff of air, without a sound, no grinding wheels, not a footfall. Oh, ballooning's the utter serenity, my dear Eleanour, on a warm day like this. What could possibly be more perfect?

"And look down there, all the little toy things—toy houses, toy trees, toy cows and there's a toy train. Do you see those boys in that field waving to us? And look at our shadow: that fine, bold blob we're making all over England, running over the roofs and trees——"

"Well, yes," agreed Eleanour. "I know. But you can't enjoy anything when you're frightened."

"Oh dear, don't be frightened. This is safer than railway trains, I swear it is. Nothing to bump into, you know, up here. How lucky it is for us that man can float about in the air where he happens to be blown. If there were real dirigibles that could be guided, why we might have air-buses and heaven knows what—air-battleships, perhaps, fighting a new Trafalgar half a mile above Ludgate Circus. But of course that won't ever happen. And now tell me: isn't ballooning really

the most delightful experience there could possibly be?'

Eleanour didn't answer at once. She looked at the coloured map unrolling below her and touched her hair, confirming how firm, warm and motionless was the air about her. Then she said doubtfully: "Yes, it's all right—in a way."

"Indeed it is," Jack said. "You know, if I were a writer of romantic novels I'd place all my tenderest scenes in balloons. Where finer could one make love than drifting along in a warm blue sky over the head of lesser folk? Why, a Venetian gondola can't compare—I'd as soon propose in a railway train."

Oh, Jack!" Nell had regained enough composure to laugh aloud. "A romantic novelist indeed—you! I don't suppose you ever wasted time thinking about proposing to anyone anywhere. Look, there's a church spire right below us, and if we came down now we'd be impaled."

Then we mustn't. But as for proposing—why, to tell you the truth I'm always proposing to propose. In a balloon, of course. I never do, because I'm seldom in balloons in exactly the right company. But everything happens to everyone sometime once, you know. Eleanour will you marry me?"

Oh, don't be ridiculous, Jack. Do you see that wagonette down there? I believe it's——"

"I don't see why that's in the least ridiculous," he protested. "You wound me deeply. I can support you and I'm as good as the next man, unless he happens to be Captain Crookes and I give him best in judging horseflesh. But is that a merit in a husband? Besides, I've always loved you."

You shouldn't joke about such things.' Eleanour said. "If Teddy heard you, he'd horsewhip you as well as Rotzniker. Come to think of it he probably will anyway. After all, it's a delicate situation for a girl—alone with a wild bachelor in a balloon."

"I'm not joking," Jack said, "and as bachelors go, I'm one of the tamest of the species, instantly ready for domestication. Isn't it appalling to have even the slightest reputation for wit? When Captain Crookes says, 'I love you' and I bet he does—you don't think he's only trying to make you laugh, but if I say it, it's just another of my merry quips. I'm absolutely serious. I adore you. I want to marry you."

Eleanour laughed a trifle nervously. Oh ballooning just makes you light-headed," she said. "But please stop it, Jack. It's an honour to have a serious proposal, but it's nothing but an insult when it's only in fun."

"Good God!" Jack cried, losing all trace of his normal urbanity. "Can't I make you believe I'm serious without actually cutting my throat in front of your very eyes? Can't you see I mean it?"

She gave him a straight look. "Well, whether you mean it or not,' she said, "I don't agree that a balloon's the right place to propose in. I don't want any more problems until I'm safe on terra firma. You can ask me then, and I promise I'll give a polite pause, as if I'm thinking it over very hard, before I say no. But I forbid you to go on being silly in the middle of the sky." She paused, and then asked quickly: "What's that down there? On that road?"

"Looks to me like Dick Turpin," said Jack, "on his famous ride to York. Somebody galloping in a perfect cloud of dust. Is he waving to us?"

"Oh dear," said Eleanour, "I'm sure it's Teddy. He's ridden after us. He's chasing us. Jack, I wonder if he thinks we're eloping or something. I mean, if he had any suspicions that—if he thought you were——"

"I can almost feel the whip across the small of my back already."

"It'll be a duel, I expect," she said. "Pistols, at ten paces. He's keeping up with us. I think he's shouting something. Can you hear?"

"I refuse to bandy words with the fellow," said Jack, and, leaning over the edge of the basket, he undid and released a small bag of ballast so that the balloon instantly rose a hundred feet and, now well out of earshot, increased its speed.

"What have you done?" cried Eleanour. "We'll go too high and freeze."

"That's all part of my nefarious plan," Jack told her. "I shall take you higher and higher, proposing at every thousand feet, and if you persist in refusing me we'll at least be united in one solid block of ice when we get high enough. Rash and haughty beauty, consider what you do."

"Oh, don't joke, Jack, please."

"I'm sorry," Jack said, holding casually on to a dangling rope, "there's not the slightest danger, really and truly. Look, that's Bradminster down there. More gasworks than cathedral from here, isn't it?"

ELEANOUR tried to pick out her Aunt Victoria's house, and that fruitless search took a little time; then Bradminster had gone and they floated entrancingly over the meandering length of the river, a serpent of fallen sky, over the Chope Forest, a furry green rug, over the meadows of Bartside, where the roads ran straight for miles across the flats.

They had no map, and most of the time had little idea where they were; they only knew that their general direction was north-easterly. But, now that Eleanour's initial fears had been at least temporarily calmed, she found the landscape laid out beneath her feet a fascinating thing to study, so full of intriguing details, and of new views of familiar objects.

They had been in the air for nearly two hours when she grasped Jack's arm and pointed: "There he is again—Dick Turpin. But I do hope he's

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NEWSPAPERS and magazines used to lie untidily about the house until I converted our firescreen to hold them. First I cut grooves in two strips of wood ¼ in. thick by 2½ in. wide, which I screwed to the back of the screen. Into the grooves I slotted plywood divisions, suitably shaped with a fretsaw. Finally I varnished the rack to match the screen.—*B. J. Dixon, Sunningdale Avenue, Hanworth, Middlesex.*

changed horses. Look, over there just coming out of that village. I'm sure it's the same man."

"Good heavens," Jack said. "I do believe you're right. At least he's wearing the same sort of grey clothes. You don't really think it's Teddy Crookes, do you?"

"It couldn't be anybody else," she told him. "They say he rides like a devil. I don't suppose we've been going so very fast, but all the same he's had to keep us in sight all the time, I suppose, taking the best roads, even steeplechasing across country, rushing into village inns and changing horses at the gallop, flinging sovereigns about. Dear Teddy! It's so heroic, don't you think? Or at least, romantic."

"It doesn't appeal to me," said Jack, "in the slightest."

They saw him twice more after that, once passing at the same pace through a farmyard, with little white blobs of ducks or geese scattering before him, and the second time suddenly emerging from a wood almost beneath them, a vaguely beetle-like shape of hooves and arms and legs and coat tails. They kept him in sight for some time until he was lost behind more trees. . . .

"He doesn't give up," said Eleanour, admiringly, "does he?"

Altogether the balloon was in the air for very nearly five hours. The day was so warm and the accompanying atmosphere so calm that neither of its passengers suffered any discomfort except from thirst, which did, towards the end, disturb them both. However, Eleanour had by this time quite forgotten her fears, and was even rash enough at the last to say so—which was the sort of recklessness known as tempting providence.

"You know," she was saying, "I believe you *are* right about ballooning, Jack. It is a lovely sensation. Quite god-like, sailing up here over the top of everything else. It gives you a feeling as if——"

She broke off, clutching wildly at the basket. "Oh no!" she cried. "No!"

Jack terminated his vertical inspection of a threshing machine in operation and looked in the direction to which Eleanour was frantically pointing. Bright and every moment broader along the oncoming horizon, shining like a great blade of steel, erasing all the crowded detail of the countryside lay the sea.

"We'll be drowned," she wailed.

"Never despair," Jack answered lightly. "I dare say we shall manage very well. It's an extraordinary thing, you know, but I do believe I've remembered which of those ropes is which. Now, let me see. We'd better pass over those woods—awkward places to come down in, woods. Ah, there's a town, see, just a little on the port bow as it were. Looks fairly flat and open round about if we miss the wires by the railway. Now then."

He gave a short haul on a rope, and within a few seconds the landscape below began slowly to increase in scale. A second pull on the rope brought it nearer still, the fields were coming steadily up to meet them.

"Quite easy, really," explained Jack, peering over the basket to judge distance, and manipulating the valve-line. "There may be a mild sort of bump when we land but I don't think we'll break any bones. Pull yourself up on the basket by the ropes if you like, as we touch down, just to make sure."

"Now then. Another twenty seconds or so. Ah, there we are!"

With a very gentle impact the basket grounded in a meadow of rank grass. Jack tugged on the rip-cord, pulling a panel out of the balloon, so the gas sighed out of the envelope, which

ART and ARTISTS—3

The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art.

Bernard Shaw

flapped for a few moments in the light breeze and then fell slowly down, partly covering them with folds of coloured silk reeking with traces of gas.

"Terra firma!" Jack said, and without ceremony lifted Eleanour out of the basket on to the grass.

"That's a relief," she said. "Safe on solid earth, at last. But where are we? And how shall we ever get back to Boxley? The sun's almost down."

"All in good time," he told her. "At the moment we wait. When you come down in a balloon, you know, you don't have to go and look for people, they come to you. They see you fall out of the sky for miles and before long they come flocking. You'll see, they'll start arriving at any moment now."

He was right. He had barely finished speaking when a trap rattled up to the field gate along a rutty lane and a gentleman in gaiters appeared who turned out to be a local innkeeper. He had barely time to inform them that they had landed within a mile of Shotton-juxta-Mare, on Farmer Bradwell's Five Acre Rough, when Farmer Bradwell himself appeared on a dappled cob, not quite sure whether or not he was pleased that he had taken his prize bull out of that pasture the day before.

A number of shy country children gathered in a clump by the hedgerow and whispered excitedly to each other, and soon the Reverend John Foster-Paine strode up, as excited as the children, heartily brass-voiced and offering instantly the hospitality of the vicarage.

It was impossible not to feel gratified by the general enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who could not ever remember a balloon having come down before in the parish.

Eleanour and Jack were enjoying their moment, the more so at least with her, because it was reinforced by the relief of a safe arrival, when a gaunt, grey, dust-blotched figure appeared jolting along above the hedgerow and came flying like Satan out of the field astride a black and streaming mare.

It was the pursuer they had seen from the air. He leaped from his saddle, leaving the mare to her own resources and rushed not to the fallen aeronauts but to the shrouds of the balloon.

"It's Rotzinker!" cried Jack.

"If you were not a shent-man," answered the German, "I call you a damn thief. You steal my balloon. The only thing what I has between me and the workshop. If you has bedamaged her I has the law on you, Mr Frampton, I sare so much."

"What?" answered Jack with heat. "Sacre——. Damme, Rotzinker, I——" Do you realize Miss Cottle and I have been in peril of our lives because you let go of your damn string?"

A momentary flicker of guilt shone in the German's blue eye. Then he said stubbornly, "Vas not my fault. Those damn——of Lord Buckles's dey not screw up the shackle properly and the cable come away."

Some hours later it was early night but lights and starry, the telegrams had been sent off to Boxley Castle and it was certain to go out from the inn that a set of some kind was across country to that purpose with news of the whereabouts and welfare of the balloonists.

In the meantime the hospitality of the vicar had been gratefully accepted, the beds in the guest rooms of his large forgotten vicarage had been aired, arrangements made for a chaise in the morning and such personal items as the travellers required for their overnight stay loaned by the incumbent and his wife.

The Reverend John Foster-Paine was earnestly discussing what on over post-prandial port with Rotzinker—the subject clearly had some fascination for him—and Jack had led Eleanour through the open french windows on to the rose-scented lawn.

"No, Jack," she said. "Dear me, no. I admit I *was* disappointed when I found that Teddy hadn't galloped madly after me all over England—though of course he may have done, in the wrong direction—but not even that disappointment will make me change my mind. I will not marry you."

"Now that's very tragic," Jack said, "because I'm quite determined you shall. And surely my dear, I'm entitled to know why? I'm quite prepared to shave off my moustache, or anything like that, if you feel——"

"Now, Jack!" Eleanour said scoldingly. "Determined indeed! Why the whole thing was just an accident. You happened to be alone in a balloon with me, and it's a rather exciting sort of thing to do and you connect ballooning and romance, for some reason—you said so yourself—and so you let circumstances get the better of you, and proposed to me."

"But, if the balloon hadn't broke away at all, we'd have just gone up and come down, and played croquet with the others, and had dinner with the General and fifty more, and danced with a dozen different people, and never said anything except a score of words of chatty small-talk to each other then or ever. Determined indeed! That's what I don't like about your proposal, *Uncle* Jack: you didn't mean it—it was just the flimsiest chance. Whatever it was, it wasn't determined."

"Would it have made a difference if it had been?"

"That's what they call an idle speculation," said Eleanour.

"Just a moment," said Jack and strolling back to the house, called Rotzinker. "Gustav," he said, "tell Miss Cottle everything. About the balloon."

"But——"

"Go on. Tell her exactly what happened."

ROTZINKER was a little bewildered. "Everything?" he said. "You mean how you gif me fifty pound to slip the rope if you get Miss Cottle alone in the basket with you? How you tell me to keep off the governess lady and the bishop what was going up with you, and then let the balloon go?"

"Oh, but Mr Frampton the agency was too much for a hundred pound. Soon as see you go up there, I says: If they get killed, or drown, or leg-broke, there's the end of your career, I say. Whatever happen, no one want use balloonist what lets balloon slip cable."

"Oh I was a fool to do it, and very wicked you were to get me to do it. So painful I was, I jump on horses back ride like fifty devil so worried you die or drown or leg-break. Pay out all the fifty pound buying horses. Oh, Mr Frampton, what I do to you, you run me like this?"

"Come now," said Jack. "Cheer up, my good Pomeranian! I'll give you another hundred. And now run along and tell the vicar what he wants to know."

"Well sweet Nellie," he said when Rotzinker had gone, "how's that for determination? Perhaps it doesn't compare with Teddy Crookes's steeplechasing across country—I'm sure he must have done it even if he went west instead of east—but at least, it's twice as expensive, and that's a good omen, you know, because it does suggest I can support you. Does it make any difference?"

"Well, yes," Eleanour said thoughtfully, "I'm not quite sure how much though. Determination is one thing but bribery and corruption's another to say nothing of recklessly exposing me to heaven knows what dangers. Oh dear me! I don't know what to make of you, Jack, I really don't."

"Oh, just make a husband of me," Jack said. And by this time he felt confident enough to draw her close and kiss her—quite determinedly—on the lips.

THE END

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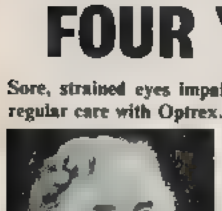

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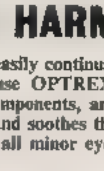

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Tailor-made for marksmen

continued from page 21

souvenirs, including a buffalo head shot with a Purdey rifle in Uganda by George VI some years before he became king.

In these surroundings, Lawrence measures a customer for a gun as carefully as a tailor measures him for a suit. "If a man wants to shoot well at targets travelling at forty miles an hour, he must be able to bring the gun easily and comfortably into line with his vision. He hasn't time to get his head down over sights and take deliberate aim. We sell him a gun which fits him perfectly and which, incidentally, will last his lifetime."

Lawrence takes the measurements with a try gun, which adjusts in length and which has adjustable hinges between the wooden stock and the barrel. With it, he assesses the length of the stock from the trigger to the butt, the angle at which the stock comes up from the shoulder to bring the gun barrels to eye level, and the angle at which the stock comes inwards from the right or left shoulder to bring the barrels in line with the eyes.

"This depends on the width of the shoulders, the length of the neck, and on the comparative strengths of the eyes. In game shooting it's the favoured thing to aim with both eyes to have maximum vision. If one eye is stronger than the other, I have to adjust the angle accordingly."

While setting the try gun, Lawrence watches for physical idiosyncrasies which might affect the customer's aim. A client of long standing came into the showroom one day to order a new gun and complained that for a reason beyond him his aim had deteriorated recently. Lawrence watched him carefully and found that the man twisted the gun slightly. "He had put on weight and just below his shoulder it tended to push the toe of the stock of the gun outwards. I mentioned this diplomatically and in the new gun we set the stock slightly on the twist. As we expected, his shooting immediately improved.

After the Long Room fitting, Lawrence prefers the customer to have a practice round at the West London Shooting Grounds at Northolt, "just in case some slight idiosyncrasy reveals itself when he actually fires a gun." Finally, having selected the barrel length and weight of the gun, the customer may add various refinements according to his pocket.

ART and ARTISTS—4

Scratch an artist and you surprise a child.

James Huneker

Purdey's factory stands in Irongate Wharf, Paddington. It is an ancient building equipped with speaking tubes and soon to be changed for a more modern place farther along the wharf. We employ fifty craftsmen and ten very promising apprentices."

It takes about six months to make a Purdey gun. "For the barrels and action we buy the finest hand-forged English steel. For the walnut stocks I go once a year to dealers in south-west France and ransack their supplies. To find two hundred pieces of walnut of the right colour, figure and grain I sometimes search through five thousand. Once, after such a search, I came home empty handed. The dealers season the wood for six years, and we keep it for at least another six years before using it."

The barrels of a new gun arrive at the factory as rough tubes. By hand, the barrelmaker cuts them to length, turns and bores them, brazes them together and fits the rib. With the boring tool, called a lapping lead, he works by eye and touch to thousandths of an inch. Each barrel has a degree of choke, an infinitesimal narrowing in the muzzle which keeps the shot together. Usually, in a double-barrelled gun, the right barrel, which fires first, has a lesser choke than the second, so that if the hunter misses his bird with his first shot he can make sure of it with the greater concentration of pellets from the second.

Elsewhere in the factory, an actioner cuts by hand from solid forgings the highly complex action of the gun, another craftsman builds the ejector mechanism, later, a stocker carves a blank of French walnut into a stock which fits precisely into the action at the right angle for the customer.

After the final assembly of a gun, Purdey's have still not finished with it. An inspector and a barrelmaker now take it to the shooting grounds for a test called plating. In this, the inspector fires both barrels ten times at newly whitewashed metal plates forty yards away. In the centre of the spread of pellet marks on the wet whitewash he draws a thirty-inch circle. The degree of choke in a gun barrel shows in the density of the spread.

With a "best" gun the density of shot from either barrel must not vary on the plates by more than five or six pellets. If the test shows an inaccuracy in the choke, the barrelmaker goes into Purdey's hut at the shooting grounds and works on the barrel till it shoots correctly. "Sometimes," says Lawrence, "plating one gun takes all day."

He says, "You can't bore a barrel for a best gun by precision engineering methods. You've got to do it by hand and by trial and error." Lawrence learned this years ago through personal experience. In 1914, as a boy of fourteen, he joined Purdey's as an apprentice under his father, who was then technical manager. At night school, Lawrence junior took an engineering course and became convinced that barrel-boring by hand was "sheer humbug." He persuaded his father to let him experiment, and, making elaborate equipment, he built a gun with barrels bored and choked to scientifically derived measurements. The gun passed the plating test perfectly first time, and Lawrence hurried home cock-a-hoop.

"Build another," said his father.

Lawrence did, exactly as he had built the first. "It shot all over the place," he says. "It was hopeless."

Lawrence, who himself became technical manager after his father, took over the managing directorship of the firm at the beginning of 1955 when Tom Purdey, the great-grandson of the founder, retired through ill-health and became president of the company. The previous year, the Worshipful Company of Gunmakers had elected Charles Harry Lawrence as their Master, an honour which they had earlier bestowed on the Purdeys eighteen times.

Before Lawrence's appointment, the Purdey's had kept control of the firm ever since James the Elder founded it in the reign of George III. Today, the Purdey portraits in the Long Room keep their imperious eyes on the outsider now in control. They gave proof of their influence quite recently. A hustling American came into the shop wanting to buy a gun before he flew back to the U.S.A. Lawrence tried to persuade him to have a gun tailor-made, but he refused.

Rather than lose a £500 sale, Lawrence took the American into the Long Room and found that one of the specimen guns fitted him moderately well. "I'll take it," the man said.

Outside the Long Room, as he bade the customer goodbye, Lawrence told him: "I've made this sale with great trepidation. Some of the men on the walls in there would walk right out of their frames if they knew I'd sold a Purdey off the peg."

There was one exceptional customer, however, for whom Purdey's could not possibly have built a gun to measure. The man was blind. He had once been a keen and competent shot, and now, ageing, he wanted to kill one more stag. Purdey's built a gun with periscopic sights which fitted over the blind man's shoulder and allowed his manservant to direct his aim. Lawrence says: "He got his last stag." THE END

LEAVES FROM

Starke's

HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK

"There is very little to interest the visitor in this part of the country"

The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 15

thirties. She was slim, good looking, well made-up, her roving eye belonged, for the evening, to David Bracken, but there was no doubt it was roving.

"I wish we were in London," she said.

"Don't you like it here?"

"Oh, it's all right . . ." The bosom of her gown gaped towards him suddenly, revealing a formidable display of bare flesh. "But think of London on a night like this! We could be dancing at the Ambassadors."

"That would be lovely," said David with difficulty.

Her leg pressed his searchingly. "Do you like dancing?" She seemed to be asking quite a different question, but David decided that the answer had better be the same.

"I like it very much."

"I adore it!"

She seemed about to throw herself into his arms. David saw that Purves-Brownrigg was watching them under lowered lids. He wondered if Anthea Vere-Toombs were really off her head, and if everyone present knew about it and hoped for the best on occasions like this.

He said, groping for the edges of her problem: "How long have you been out here . . ."

David walked back with Aidan Purves-Brownrigg to the Hotel Bristol where he was staying for the time being. He felt, in his easy after-dinner mood, that Nicole Steuart might be right about Purves-Brownrigg. When all was said about him, he was lively and entertaining company.

As they strolled downhill, along the dusty sea-front coast road that led to Port Victoria, Purves-Brownrigg disposed of their late dinner companions with an unfaltering malice that David knew very well would, in other circumstances, have been applied just as readily to himself. He did not mind.

"I like the old gentleman," said Purves-Brownrigg. (It was his invariable term for the governor.) "He's getting a bit past it, of course. You wouldn't think, to look at him, that he once defied the mob in Bengal—not just mowing them down, like that odious General Dyer, but waving his stick, like Gordon at Khartoum, till they all just melted away."

"I've never heard the details of that."

"Give the old gentleman time," said Purves-Brownrigg. "You'll hear them. . . . The governess is the end, of course—so good-hearted and forceful and boring, plodding on and on like arsenic and old lace without the arsenic. And that Mrs. Simpson. What those sailors have to put up with! It'll be a happy release when the gallant captain is made into an admiral, and she can relax."

"Will Simpson be made an admiral?"

"They've got to keep their numbers up . . . Actually he's a rather pathetic old party—I like him. His great-great-uncle was one of Nelson's captains, and he dreams of action the whole time."

"Why do we have a naval aide, anyway?"

"It's lost in the mists of time," said Purves-Brownrigg. "But Pharamaul used to be a strategic place. I suppose it still is, so the dear Lords of the Admiralty gave it a permanent naval background."

"What about the Stevenses?" asked David.

"Pathetic aren't they? He's so hardworking, it makes me ill to watch him. And all those filthy children—four of them, all wearing each other's cast-off clothes. I swear to you there's one pair of khaki shorts that's been passing from hand to hand for seven years. And what she looks like, poor soul—that hair-do is obviously straight out of the Kennel Club magazine. Do this with your wire-haired terrier, and win first prize. . . . And then there's that girl."

"The governor's daughter?"

"The *monster* . . . what you two were doing at dinner——!"

"She seemed a little unstable," said David.

"Anthea will end up in jail," said Purves-Brownrigg. "I can just see it happening. . . . She devours men—never gives them a moment's peace."

Now they were in down-town Port Victoria itself. The cobbled streets were full of late traffic: the pavements were crowded. Men, black men and white, lurched out of taverns, huddled into doorways, pursued a level course for home.

Purves-Brownrigg, slowing down for their farewell, was suddenly less flippant, less affected. "Don't be disappointed," he said.

"In what?"

"In us. We can't have looked much, at that bloody dinner. It's a second-rate secretariat, but it covers the ground. This isn't Paris or Washington, after all. . . . I think you'll do all right here. The ladies will tear you to ribbons of course, but you mustn't mind that."

"What ladies?" asked David confused.

"*The* ladies. They meet every morning for tea and bitch madly about everything. There's really nothing else for them to do. But you mustn't mind it if several odious remarks find their way back to you."

"Are they all like that?"

Purvis-Brownrigg, holding out his hand, laughed suddenly. "Oh no. She's all right. Pretty too. . . . Nicole's a lovely name, don't you think . . ."

It was good, thought Andrew MacLachlan, to be back home in Gamata. The shabby old Residency had never felt more comfortable, more private, more welcoming.

He sat at ease on the Residency's wide, cool stoep, his feet on a second chair, his old clothes—khaki slacks, khaki shirt, frayed canvas shoes—feeling like the only uniform he would ever care to wear.

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Port Victoria at the end of the rickety, single-line railway, here was absolute peace, absolute simplicity. Here was Macmillan's own kingdom, benignly ruled, benignly enjoyed. Here all the problems were safely within his own hands, all doubts resolved by his own will and strength.

He sighed, stretched, sipped his coffee. The sun slipped a little lower in the sky, and he heard the shuffling of feet on the worn boards of the stoep. He turned to see Johannes, his servant of more than a quarter of a century.

"Jah *barena*," said Johannes. "Six o'clock, *barena*."

"Dinner," said Macmillan. "Three *barenas*—Mr. Forsdick, Mr. Llewellyn, Captain Crump."

"Yes, *barena*."

"What's in the larder?"

"Chicken, *barena*. Wife kill this morning."

"What besides chicken?"

"Peaches, *barena*. Yellow peaches. Yellow tin peaches."

Macmillan nodded. "Soup," he said, "fried chicken, Potatoes, Peaches."

"Yes, *barena*."

"When the *barenas* come, bring ice and whisky and beer."

"Yes, *barena*." Johannes stood waiting, shifting from one foot to another, his old face creased and uncertain. He had a thing to say, and he must say it before he left.

"What is it, Johannes?"

"*Barena* have good holiday?"

"Fine, Johannes! But it's nice to be back."

The old black face broke suddenly into a smile. Johannes nodded, accepting a welcome cue. He said, with all the honesty in the world: "It's good to have you here again, *barena*."

Presently Macmillan saw them approaching across the patchy, burned-down lawn which was the playground of ticks and white ants, two men, dressed alike in khaki slacks, but wearing ties as a sign of evening formality. They were Forsdick, his district commissioner in Gamate, and Llewellyn, the agricultural officer who covered the whole Maula territory. They had both been busy elsewhere when his train arrived that morning. The message he had left for them—"Dinner tonight, no wives, eight o'clock"—had been the limit of the protocol attending his return.

He watched them as they neared him. Forsdick, who might one day succeed him, was fortyish, plump, red-faced, sweating. He walked heavily, as if his large, ungainly body must be carefully steered from point to point. Llewellyn was the same as he had always been, a small, swarthy Welshman, morose, overworked, single-minded in his pursuit of a thriving Pharamaul.

He stood up as they reached the stoep, and opened the fly-screened door.

Forsdick said: "Hullo, Andrew."

Llewellyn said: "Good evening, sir."

He motioned them past him on to the stoep. "Come in," he said. "Nice to see you. Where's Crump?"

Glued to the radio," said Forsdick. His voice was fruity, blurred, thickened by twenty years of *one more for luck, one for the road, one for the stang of the door*. He worked extremely hard at his job. "There's something coming through for us," he continued. "On the eight o'clock police schedule—prefaced urgent and confidential."

"Government House in a flap again," said Llewellyn caustically.

Johannes shuffled in with the whisky, the beer, the ice and the glasses, and Macmillan poured in silence a stiff peg for Forsdick, beer for Llewellyn.

"How are things here?" asked Macmillan.

They talked as they had talked on hundreds, even thousands, of other evenings in the past. It was straight-cut shop, the kind of thing they talked best, the thing they really understood. Gamate was much the same. The harvest was coming to an end, the taxes were starting to dribble in. One of the Native Treasury staff had been caught stealing postal orders, and had been sacked. There had been a row up at the logging camp fifty miles to the west, and a man had been "chopped." The culprit was now awaiting trial in Port Victoria jail.

Finally there had been a deputation that morning from the Council of Regents—the two uncles, and one cousin of Dinamaula, who had ruled the Maula tribe for the past year, ever since Dinamaula's father had died.

"How are those wicked uncles?" asked Macmillan, interested afresh.

"It was rather curious," said Forsdick slowly. "They said they wanted to be sure there would be no great changes."

"Why should there be?" asked Macmillan.

"They wouldn't tell me. When I pressed the point they got a bit vague, and then old Seralo started talking about the importance of carrying on the tribal customs. You know his usual line. He fires it off every time we put a bit of gravel on the roads. But at the end, he said: 'We have *heard*'"—Forsdick stressed the word—"'*heard* talk of new things.'"

Macmillan shrugged. "I should say he was making that up. New chief, new things—it's a natural line of thought. They're probably worrying about some little racket they're running which Dinamaula will now take over. When does he arrive?"

"Tomorrow night," said Forsdick. "He's coming by truck from Port Victoria."

Llewellyn, who was long-sighted, suddenly raised his head and pointed to a small dust cloud. "Here's Crump," he said. "That's the police jeep."

In silence they watched the jeep climbing steadily towards them. As it stopped, its dust cloud drifted gently away and was lost in the dusk. A khaki-clad figure sprang out and walked briskly towards them.

Captain Crump of the Royal Pharamaul Ponce was a cheerful Irishman who seemed to be laughing nearly all the time. Now he saluted a broad grin on his face and said: "Sir."

"Hullo, Keith," said Macmillan. "Nice to see you again. . . . Have a drink?"

Crump laughed and said: "I will, that!" and strode through the door of the stoep as if he were going to arrest the lot of them.

Macmillan turned with the drink. "Here you are. . . . What was in the telegram?"

Crump reached inside his tunic pocket, and brought out a folded pink flimsy. "It's about Dinamaula. He's been talking to the newspapers."

"Has he indeed?" said Forsdick. "What about?"

"Progress in Pharamaul," answered Crump. He was laughing again. "He wants to improve everything." Then he drank, and fell silent as Andrew Macmillan, looking down at the pink telegram, started to speak.

"It's from Government House," he said, "passing on a telegram from London. 'Urgent and Confidential,' he read. "'Following telegram has been received from Secretary of State. Begins.

"'This morning's *Daily Flash* carries lengthy and tendentious interview with Dinamaula by Tulbach Browne, *Daily Flash* special correspondent to southern Africa who is now in Port Victoria. In reported interview, Dinamaula expressed dissatisfaction with slow progress in territory, government handling of Maula affairs and said he was determined to introduce reforms whatever the opposition.

"'Resident Commissioner, Gamate, should be instructed to interview Dinamaula and impress on him the necessity of working for a smooth orderly change-over in tribal administration. In particular, criticism of government officials by chief-designate, and further publicity of this sort should be avoided. Telegram ends.

"'Following for Macmillan. Please take action indicated in last paragraph, and report urgently to me.'"

Macmillan frowned, looked down at the telegram again, and then at Forsdick. "This was what Seralo meant," he said.

"Seralo?"

"When he came to see you this morning, with the other regents, he told you they had heard talk of new things. This was it."

"But how could it have reached here so quickly?" asked Llewellyn incredulously.

"You know how they hear things," said Macmillan. "It just got here, that's all."

"Of course," said Crump, cheerfully, "you can't believe all you read in the newspapers. Dinamaula probably never said the half of it."

Maybe not," said Forsdick. "But half is quite enough."

Dinamaula's twenty-two now," said Macmillan. He was marshaling his thoughts. "He's been away for seven years. He's probably picked up one or two ideas, and he got talking about them to this reporter chap. It'll be different when he sees Gamate." He frowned again. "It had better be!"

There was a shuffling sound behind them, and the dining-room door opened slowly, creaking on its hinges. Johannes in a clean white housecoat, came forward, looking important and anxious.

"Soup on table, *barena*," he said.

Dinner is served," corrected Macmillan automatically.

"Dinner served," said Johannes. "Soup on table."

ART and ARTISTS—5

In life beauty perishes, but not in art.

Leonardo Da Vinci

This truck, a tough, grimy old Chevrolet, roared northwards towards Gamate, raising its own dust-cloud. In the front seat, Dinamaula gripped the forward edge of the dash and stared at the unfolding ribbon of the road. By his side his cousin Zuva Katsaula drove carelessly, his hands loose on the wheel, his wide mouth grinning and talkative.

Dinamaula shifted slightly to look sideways at his companion. Already he did not like this Zuva whom he had not seen for over a year. They had been together at Oxford, and then Zuva, a few months older than himself, had left university, and gone to London.

Zuva was small, dapper, smiling, dressed in grey check trousers and a yellow coat with brown shoulder-pads and curious lapels.

"My zoot coat," he had said, in answer to Dinamaula's query when they had met at Port Victoria. "Pretty keen number, eh? Straight from Hollywood. Oh, baby . . ."

No. Dinamaula did not like this Zuva, who had returned to Pharamaul a month earlier and had met him at Port Victoria airfield with four companions who formed a ragged, shiftless bodyguard at his back. All wore dark spectacles, thick-soled shoes, black hats with wide brims. One of them had an empty shoulder holster strapped under his coat.

Zuva seemed to have strayed a fantastic way from the tribal pattern. He was mean-eyed, he was slick, he was dressed like an actor in a Negro musical comedy. When Zuva had told off one of his "bodyguard" to look after Dinamaula's luggage, the young man had answered: "Okay, Fingers!"

"What is this 'Fingers'?" asked Dinamaula later.

Zuva grinned, tossing back his head. "Oh, the boys all call me that."

Dinamaula did not like it at all. This man at his side was not "Fingers," or anything else; he was Zuva Katsaula, his own blood relation, his friend from boyhood. Dinamaula wanted no "Fingers" in Pharamaul, no zoot suits, no alien pattern of foolishness.

Presently Zuva said: "There will be great rejoicing in Gamate, when you return."

Great rejoicing. . . . Dinamaula realized, at that moment, how definite was the cleavage that had been established between them. If Zuva, his cousin, had felt able to count on him as one of their own circle, he would

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have used his own dubious jargon. He would have said "a hell of a blind," "a big night," or "a wild party" or a riot." But "great rejoicing" belonged to the old Maula world, the simple world of Gamate.

It was a great night in Gamate; a night which starting decorously enough with ceremonial greetings to the chief-designate, worked itself up to a wild saturnalian pitch such as the town had not witnessed for many a year.

Dinamaula, the regents and the headmen of the tribe all sat at a table within the Gamate schoolhouse; outside, on the *aboura*, the sounds of excitement and revelry were already mounting, but here all was grave and courteous and ordained by custom.

Old Seralo, the senior regent and brother of Dinamaula's own father, had the place of honour at the head of the table. He was an old man now, past his best, and his head and lips trembled as he went through the prescribed forms of welcome but he was wise as well as old, and Dinamaula found comfort in sitting next to him.

Next to him was the second uncle, Zuva's father, by name Katsaula, a tall, thin man of the middle years, grave and unsmiling.

Opposite him sat the third regent, Puero, another cousin of Dinamaula's, a fattish gross man, this, always drinking and drawing up to table.

"Oh, Dinamaula," said Seralo, his eyes fixed on a distant point, "Oh, Dinamaula, greetings and blessings upon you."

"Old Uncle, I see you," answered Dinamaula formally. "I greet you in my turn."

"Oh, Dinamaula," said Seralo, his voice gathering strength, "son of Sumaula, grandson of Maula, Hereditary Chieftain of Pharamaul, Prince of Gamate, Son of the Fish, Keeper of ..." his voice faltered.

"Keeper of the Golden Nail," prompted the second regent, Katsaula the historian, the formalist.

"Keeper of the Golden Nail," Seralo continued. "Urn of the Royal Seed, Ruler and Kingbreaker, Lord of the Known World . . . Oh, Dinamaula, we greet you."

"Old Uncle, I see you," repeated Dinamaula, with the same formality. The list of titles had fallen oddly upon his ears, and momentarily he wondered what his Oxford friends would have thought of them. "I see you and I thank you."

At that the company relaxed. The principal formality was over. Katsaula, careful always for the forms and the customs, said: "Seralo will lead you out to the people. It would be fitting to say a few words of greeting."

When Dinamaula appeared on the rough stoep, the crowd on the *aboura* seemed to move towards him as though impelled by a giant hand. But the throng was orderly, the old men stood in the front ranks, and behind them the young warriors, singing and chanting, and then, behind them again, in accordance with the custom, the women waited in groups under the trees, waving, calling in shrill tones to their welcome chief. When he raised his hand, and spoke, it was to an electric silence, when he ceased speaking, a great shout of recognition and homage rose up under the sky.

Then the young men of his own age group—called, by custom, the Dinamaula Regiment—danced a tribal dance, with stamping, and mock-killing, and many of the contortions of love, while the young women under the trees went "*Aieeh!* . . ." and moved their own bodies in time with the beat.

Then it was time to feast. At the long trestle tables under the trees, Dinamaula and his party ate and drank with lusty appetite. Round him, the crowds at the other tables began to shout and sing. At a signal from Katsaula a chor of young women advanced, their hips swinging, their bright eyes roving among the young men, and sang a song hallowed by custom, which began, "*Oh Dinamaula, we would give you many sons.*" Old Seralo laughed with glee, Katsaula listened carefully for any variation. Zuva made off into the darkness between the huts with a comely, twisting girl.

After the singing, one of the young girls, not the prettiest, advanced with a dish of olives, and bent over Dinamaula's shoulder. "My Lord," she said, "Take, eat."

"This is Miera," said Katsaula. "The daughter of my brother, who died at the time of the bad sickness. She has been chosen."

"Chosen?" asked Dinamaula, alert.

"Chosen for this honour," said Katsaula swiftly. He indicated the dish of olives. "She gives you the last food of the night, according to the custom."

The girl was still leaning against him. Her wiry hair was plastered with ochre mud, her jaw heavy. Something within Dinamaula revolted. Suddenly he could endure it no more, and he stood up, nodded to Seralo, and said formally: "Old Uncle, I have journeyed far. It is time for sleep."

But sleep came slowly to Dinamaula that night. His brain was filled with many tangled thoughts, and with liquor also. He thought of what he wanted to do in Gamate, and of what lay in his path. He thought of the girl Miera, and of the clear intention that she was to be his bride. He wanted no girl such as Miera, stupid and uncouth and without grace.

He turned over and stared in despair at the laced reeds of the roof above his head. He wanted many things. While some of them were here in Gamate, and some were in England, others still eluded the cloudy confusion of his brain.

ART and ARTISTS—6

Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better.

André Gide

In London, Sir Hubert Godbold, the Permanent Under-Secretary for the Scheduled Territories, was clearing up his papers before going home. It was seven o'clock, and it had been a long day.

Now, as he sat at his nearly clear desk, there was a knock at the door, and Crossley, one of his assistant under-secretaries, came in, a sheaf of files under his arms.

"Sir," Crossley said, advancing with his files, "there's a P.Q. on Pharamaul."

"Oh . . . !" Godbold took the proffered papers, and looked at the top one. It was headed "Parliamentary Question—Principality of Pharamaul—Mr. Price-Canning."

"That man!" said Godbold, with feeling. "It's those damned *Daily Flash* articles, I suppose." He adjusted his spectacles, and read slowly, aloud.

"Notice has been given of the following Parliamentary Question, to be asked by Mr. Emrys Price-Canning (Ind. Lib., South Oxford), next Friday, September 22nd. '*To ask the Secretary for the Scheduled Territories* whether his attention has been drawn to various statements of policy recently made by Dinamaula Maula, Chief-designate of the Maula Tribe in the Principality of Pharamaul, whether he is in agreement with such statements, and whether he can give an assurance that the plans outlined in these statements will receive the sympathetic consideration of Her Majesty's Government, and will not be obstructed by government officials in the Principality itself.'"

Godbold sat back in his chair again. "Refresh my memory."

To the staff of the Scheduled Territories Office, it was a familiar phrase, and Crossley was ready for it. "Sir," he began again, scarcely glancing at his notes, "you remember there have been these four articles on Pharamaul by Tulbach Browne in the *Daily Flash*. Three of them aren't really important—it was the first one that we sent a telegram about, that was the reported interview with Dinamaula, to the effect that he had a lot of reforms which he wanted to put through, but that he

didn't give much for his chances because he was likely to be obstructed."

"By the Maulas, as well as our own people."

"Yes, sir. We telegraphed the governor, asking for Macmillan to have a word with Dinamaula, and we got an answer yesterday that Macmillan had seen Dinamaula and had issued a general warning. Now there's this."

"Any connection?"

"I shouldn't think so, sir. There's hardly been time. I should think Price-Canning is acting on his own. You know the way he works."

The Permanent Under-Secretary considered the matter. He did indeed know the way that Emrys Price-Canning worked, whether inside the House or out of it. Price-Canning, the never-sleeping conscience of England; Price-Canning, the soldier's friend; Price-Canning, the champion of the under-dog; Price-Canning, the black man's shield and buckler.

Godbold considered a little further. It was his job to advise the minister, who would have to answer the question in the House of Commons, on the best way of dealing with it.

"We'd better play it safe," he said.

Crossley took out his pencil.

"Something like this," continued Godbold. "'Yes sir, I have seen a newspaper report of the statements in question. . . . While Her Majesty's Government is in full agreement with the views expressed, in so far as they refer to the desirability of the general advancement of the people of Pharamaul, it deprecates an *ex parte* statement of this nature, made by a chief-designate who has not yet assumed office. . . . There has been, and will be, no obstruction of any sort from Her Majesty's officials on the spot.'"

"*Full* agreement, sir? He went a bit far."

"All right, general agreement. . . . Supplementaries?"

"Price-Canning will probably ask what we're doing to further Dinamaula's plans for development."

"'Such plans have not yet been officially communicated to Her Majesty's Government.'"

"If and when they are?"

"'I cannot answer a hypothetical question of this nature.'"

Both Godbold and Crossley enjoyed this game. "Are we sincere," Crossley continued, "in our professions of willingness to advance the cause of political and cultural development in this area?"

"'Her Majesty's Government's policy in Pharamaul continues in accord with general colonial advancement throughout this and other areas, and naturally envisages all practicable developments.'"

"Did Dinamaula communicate his views before leaving London?"

Godbold paused at that one. Price-Canning might never reach it, in his quest for knowledge; in fact, if he felt like having a slack day, he might never ask any supplementaries at all. But, once more, the minister must have the requisite ammunition to deal with any eventuality.

"'Before leaving London,'" Godbold intoned, while Crossley wrote busily, "'the chief-designate had a cordial interview with the Permanent Under-Secretary, at which'"—he paused—"'at which no specific plans for Maula development were discussed.'"

"Has Her Majesty's Government full confidence in Dinamaula as the future chief of the Maulas?"

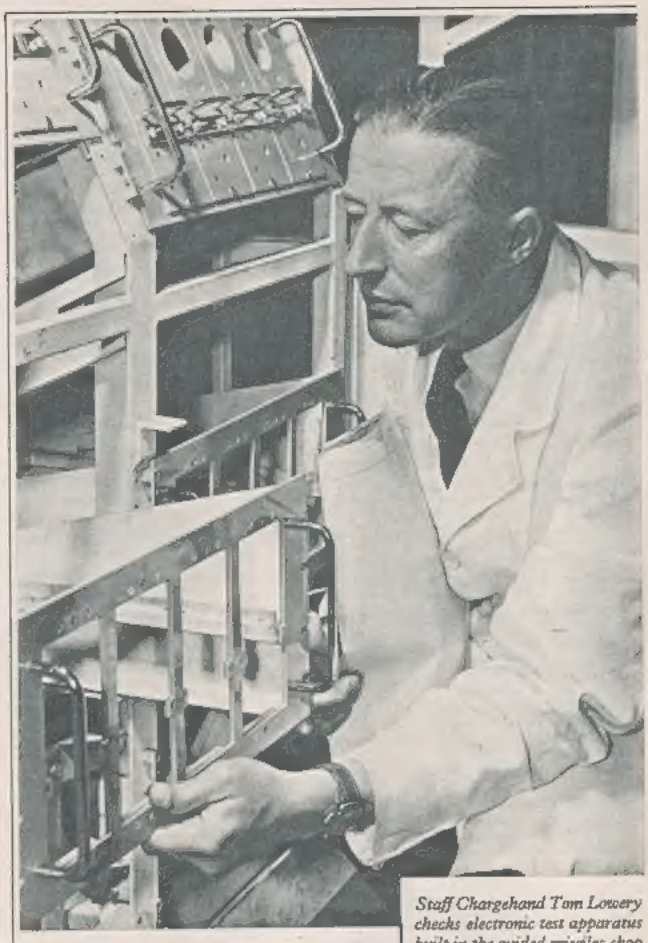
Now there was the longest pause of all. That, if Price-Canning ever got to it, was the trick question, because it sought guarantees for the future. The future that might go wrong. It was impossible to give any official commitment in a sphere which was still a matter of guesswork. Dinamaula, a few years from now, might be a very different person . . .

"'Her Majesty's Government,'" dictated Godbold at last, "'has every confidence that Dinamaula, when he assumes the chieftainship, will co-operate with the Pharamaul authorities in pursuance of joint plans for the administration of the Principality.'"

Crossley smiled. It was a good answer; it contained that weasel word "co-operate," which begged every question in sight.

Godbold relaxed in his chair again. "Smooth all that out," he said briefly. "Get it typed. I'll see it before it goes to the minister. . . ."

The Minister for the Scheduled Territories, Lord Lorde, was probably Britain's most re-assignable statesman. He had progressed from ministry to



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ministry, never remaining long enough to make a serious mark, but on the other hand never giving a performance so utterly forlorn as to disqualify him completely from public office. As each new appointment was announced, *The Times* always said: "Lord Lorde brings to an exacting task the virtues of a fresh mind."

When Lord Lorde got up, papers in hand, on Friday afternoon, to answer his oral questions in the House of Commons, he found himself wondering uneasily if this were one of those rare moments of history when the scheduled territories would attract public attention. Godbold had been particularly insistent that he stick to his brief.

Price-Canning was in a determined mood. He asked all the supplementaries Godbold had anticipated, then accused Lord Lorde of "covering up for a bunch of fascist jacks-in-office. . . ."

UPROAR IN COMMONS, said the *Daily Flash* next morning. M.P. SUSPENDED. "BULLYING AND MUZZLING" IN PHARAMAUL. See "Rank Injustice" in *Spotlight*, page 4. . . .

David Bracken was glad to be bidding a temporary goodbye to Port Victoria, even though the long and uncomfortable journey to Gamate, and on up to Shebiya, was not in itself an attractive prospect. But Port Victoria had been unbearably hot.

When Nicole Steuart put her head round the door of his room, he realized that there was only one thing he was sorry to leave, in Port Victoria.

Smiling, she said: "Still busy?"

"No, I'm about finished." David Bracken stood up, and gestured towards a chair. "Come in."

She sat down, with the grace and economy of movement which characterized almost everything she did. "I suppose you're packed, and everything?"

David, behind his desk again, nodded. "Yes, all ready. I hope that odd-looking train won't be too uncomfortable."

"It always has been, whenever I've made the trip."

"When were you last in Gamate?"

"About six months ago. It doesn't change much. . . ." She paused, then continued. "There's been some sort of row in Parliament about Dinamaula. The telegram's just coming through."

"What kind of row?"

"Price-Canning was suspended for being rude to the minister."

David Bracken grinned. "It must be rather tempting."

She frowned. "Silly, though. It doesn't do any good. If Price-Canning really wants to help people like the Maulas, there are better ways of doing it."

"Oh, Price-Canning's all right. He focuses people's attention."

"On Price-Canning!"

"Well, at least he stirs things up."

"That's not always the best thing to do with 'things.'"

"I know we don't agree," he said, falsely apologetic. "I'll try to see your way. I'm new, you know. Still championing the underdog."

SHE looked at him, frowning once more. David Bracken could annoy her enormously, when he was in this satiric mood. Then she pulled herself together, and stood up. She had wanted to stay much longer, but it wasn't working out the way she had hoped. That often happened, with David Bracken.

"You'll get over it," she said briefly. "It usually takes people about six months." Then she was gone. . . .

When David arrived in Gamate next morning, Forsdick met him at the station, sweating in the heat, his khaki shirt wilting, his florid face a ruddy purple under the tan.

"How do?" he said, advancing a solid hand. It was a long time since David had heard the homely, north-country phrase. "Did you have a good trip?"

"Fine!" answered David. "This train's a bit on the old-fashioned side, though."

"Hasn't changed for forty years," said Forsdick. He looked at David. "I'm Forsdick, district commissioner. Macmillan's away up country for today. Otherwise he'd have been here. You're staying with him tonight, of course."

Driving back through the dusty, winding track that served as Gamate's main street, Forsdick pointed out the town's meagre features—the hospital, the mission, the hotel, the school. All round them as they drove were crowds of people, and huts close-pressed together, and wandering herds of goats.

"I thought you'd like to come back home for a spot of lunch," said Forsdick. "Then we might go down to the office again, to have a look-see."

"I'd like that," answered David cordially.

Mrs. Forsdick met them at the door. She was a tall severe woman in a faded print dress, her complexion ruined by sunlight and dry heat, her manner brusque.

She had hardly greeted David before she turned to her husband.

"You'd better go and change your shirt, George," she said. "That one's not fit to be seen. I'm sure Mr. Bracken" — she smiled meaningly — "isn't used to things like that."

Forsdick went off with a muttered word of apology.

Lunch, served in a shabby room furnished throughout in yellow pickled oak, turned out to be a very uncomfortable meal. It was clear that the Forsdicks loathed each other. And perhaps the most fearful thing about their ill-tempered exchanges was that they seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary.

David, driving down to the office with Forsdick half an hour later, had expected apologies, or at least some degree of embarrassment. Instead, Forsdick merely said: "The old girl's on the rampage today," and went on to talk of other things. It was clear that every lunch was like the lunch they had just had, and that it had been like that for upwards of twenty years.

There must, David decided, be something about life in Gamate to make up for it.

Exactly what there was in Gamate to charm the heart, subdue all restlessness, and erase all marital horrors, was made clear to David during the next four days. He talked, watched, wandered at will through this curious town which was unlike anything he had ever seen before.

Crump, the young Irish police captain, was a cheerful escort, and their tour of Gamate by jeep was an engaging and sometimes hilarious affair.

The small khaki car with the police pennant created a stir of interest wherever it went. The older men saluted Crump with open hand, the women turned to stare, the children tried to pat the jeep's side as it ground along in low gear. David had an impression of respect in all this notice: respect, and affection too.

But when he spoke the thought, Crump only laughed. "Oh, they're law-abiding enough—the older ones, at least. But they don't like policemen—no one likes policemen." He laughed again. "They behave themselves because it's expensive and uncomfortable if they don't. If it ever came to a showdown, more people would rally to our side than would dare to take a chance and get tough. At least," he added, frowning, "that's the situation at present."

David showed his surprise. "Could it alter?"

"Oh yes. They're like that, you know: quiet, logical, and friendly, until something—some damned silly thing that you and I wouldn't give tuppence for—gets under their skins. Then they change. Sometimes they change horribly. There's no warning at all. One day they're good, next day they're murdering, looting savages."

"Has that ever happened here?"

CRUMP nodded, giving his attention to a sharp turn in the road, with a frieze of goats blocking its edges. "Not recently. We had a big tax row, about five years ago. I lost two of my chaps, torn to bits back there on the *aboura*. And there were some horrible things in the old days, before the present dynasty got settled in. The U-Maulas—that's the exiled lot up north round Shebiya—are still pretty cruel."

They drove on. Crump's sharp eyes, searching endlessly as they moved past huts and mealie patches, lighted on two men sitting close together under a tree. He said: "That's Dinamaula's cousin, Zuva, and one of the regents, Puero. The worst one."

He blew an authoritative note on the horn, and the two men, a few yards away, raised their heads. They gave a perfunctory salute, and Crump returned it just as briefly.

"Bastards!" he said, without heat, as the jeep passed.

"What's the trouble?"

"They're cooking something up," answered Crump. "I don't know what it is, yet, but I'll find out one of these days. Puero has always been pretty much of a thug, on the discontented fringe of the Maulas, even though he is one of the regents. Zuva's just come back from England, full of all sorts of ideas. He's got a lot of gangster pals, down in Port Victoria. He and Puero were bound to get together, sooner or later."

"What can they do?" asked David.

"They're cooking something up," Crump repeated. "Things are quiet just now—maybe too quiet. Perhaps it's time for a row. . . ."

To be continued next week

"The Tribe That Lost Its Head" is published as a book by Cassell

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The butcher set out on a terrible revenge—to murder the mayor. But he killed the wrong man

ON January 3, 1726, George I, on his way back to England from Hanover, was driven by a storm into Rye Harbour. James Lamb, the mayor of Rye, felt obliged to offer the hospitality of his house, which had been built two years previously, to the King.

It was most inconvenient. Mrs. Lamb had only just given birth to a son. Nevertheless, she was made to surrender her bedroom to her sovereign. Owing to a heavy fall of snow, the visitor remained four days and nights. To show his gratitude the King agreed to be godfather to the child, who was called George and presented with a handsome christening bowl.

In 1743 James Bread, a butcher, was fined by Mayor Lamb for selling short weight of meat. He was determined to have his revenge.

Having learned one evening that Mr. Lamb was to dine out, he lay in wait for him. But the mayor was ill and persuaded his brother-in-law, Allen Grebell, to go instead, and lent him his cloak. While Grebell was returning to his own house, which was next door to Lamb's, the butcher plunged a knife into his back.

Bread was arrested in the act of boasting in a public house that "Butchers should kill lambs." Grebell's tombstone still bears the words that he "fell by the cruel stab of a sanguinary butcher."

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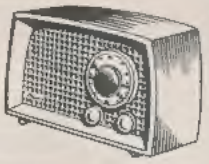

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Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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Rainbow Over The.....	The Death Knell Of.....
.....Of The Union	That.....Eye

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

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2,058

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. £700 Tournament Award (for best First Prize *Bullet* of Contests 2,049, 2,050, 2,051, 2,052) won by D. Scott, 63 Dens Road, Dundee.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit: the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated October 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 15, for early news of No. 2,058 result.)

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